# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1876.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a large amount of interesting reading matter, a beautiful double-page engraving, entitled*

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## CABINET CHANGES.

THE most significant fact in regard to the late cabinet changes is that they were at once understood not to have been made primarily in the interest of the public service, but of General GRANT'S preferences as to his successor in the Presidency. We are very far from saying that the public service will not be promoted by the substitution of Mr. PIERREPONT for General SCHENCK as minister to England, or by the appointment of Judge TAFT as Attorney-General. But this was not the reason of the changes. The changes were made, as is universally supposed, to increase the chances of Mr. CONKLING'S nomination at Cincinnati, and no close observer will be surprised by them. We have already often called attention to the reasons of the President's regard for the Senator, as well as to the fact of the Senator's unswerving deference to the President. For a long time there has been no doubt that Mr. CONKLING was the President's choice for the succession, or that he would do every thing that his position enabled him to do to secure success. It is known that Mr. BLAINE has not been of the White House circle, and that Mr. CONKLING, who was its most intimate member, was not upon speaking terms with Mr. BLAINE. The candidacy of the ex-Speaker could not, therefore, be agreeable to the President as against that of his favorite. Mr. BRISTOW'S candidacy is a Republican protest against the causes of what the New York *Herald*, the stanchest of Mr. CONKLING'S advocates, calls "the mortifying and fatal events of the last five months." Such a candidacy could not be acceptable to the President. Mr. MORTON has differed from the President upon the financial question, and the latter does not feel for him the kind of gratitude which binds him to Mr. CONKLING. Among all the prominent candidates who have been mentioned, the latter is, beyond all others, his choice.

The assistance which the cabinet change is supposed to furnish toward Mr. CONKLING'S nomination is twofold. In the first place, it is held to be a kind of order of the day to the office-holding interest; and in the second place, it is not doubted that Senator CAMERON, whose wishes for his son are well known, will feel bound in gratitude to "turn over" the Pennsylvania delegation to Mr. CONKLING. But both of these points have been already "discounted." It has long been evident that Mr. CONKLING is the "machine" candidate. He represents the mere force of party drill and management. He stands for the continuation of the unchanged spirit and methods of the present Administration. His candidacy would present to the country the alternative of the system which has produced results that every sincere Republican must deplore, or of a Democratic restoration. It is an alternative which trifles with the chance of Republican success, and it is for that reason that we oppose the nomination of Mr. CONKLING. Yet, for the very reason that we have mentioned, his candidacy promises immunity and power to the present machine, and the President's preference for him has been perfectly understood. All the force of the President's late action, therefore, was spent before the action was taken. The situation itself was the order of the day. The second point is the "turning over" of the Pennsylvania delegation at Cincinnati to the support of Mr. CONKLING. But it has never been doubted that Senator CAMERON, who, so far as we know, pretends to no other principle in politics than plunder and spoils, and whose sympathy with the President's San Domingo policy was singularly coincident with certain appointments, would instinctively favor the machine candidate, whoever he might be. How many votes that favor can command for Mr. CONKLING is yet to be determined. It is at least a fair theory, since we are treating of political markets, that good reasons for expecting the appointment in the event of Mr. CONKLING'S success would be as persuasive with a political trader as the actual appointment at the end of a term. And it will certainly be evidence of a high degree of party discipline and pusillanimity if the fifty-eight Republican votes of Pennsylvania should be thrown in the National Convention at the dictate of Senator CAMERON'S family ambition.

But what a commentary upon the political situation is the whole discussion upon this appointment of Mr. "DON" CAMERON to one of the great offices of the government! A President is to be nominated, and, if that be true which has every probability, and which every body believes to be true, the actual Republican President, instead of leaving the nomination to the honest and unbiased preference of the party, uses the enormous power which has been confided to him for national purposes and the common welfare, to impose his preference upon other Republicans! So far as the next Presidency is concerned, the President is properly a citizen, with his views and hopes like other citizens, but who can use his official position to promote them only by an abuse of power. The absurd comment that the President means to show that he is the head of his party, and the assertion that any possible action of this kind tends to harmonize or concentrate the party, is unimportant. The injury that has been done to the party, the discord that has been introduced, the loss of public approval, are largely due to precisely this kind of transaction. Is the party strengthened, is the Administration honored, are the good name and welfare of the country truly subserved, by appointments like that of Mr. CAMERON? In the present political situation, with the late Secretary of War impeached for the most vulgar bribery, and with the President's own private secretary indicted for criminal conspiracy, with every honorable Republican acknowledging his party shame and resolving to retrieve its character and restore it to public confidence and honor, it seems to us that regard for the party which has twice gladly and proudly elected him to the Presidency should have prompted the President in making a change in the cabinet to aid his party, and not impose upon it a burden. In all these matters, however, there is a certain impression of the President's helplessness which moves pity rather than indignation. He has constantly given proof of his good impulses and his patriotic purpose, but not of political courage or control. His cabinet at this moment is an illustration of his want of political mastery. In the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, and the Attorney-General he has counselors in whom the Republican party and the intelligent country have unbounded confidence. In such an appointment as that of the Secretary of War nothing can possibly be discerned but some kind of intrigue. Is the President unable to see that if his appointments had all been like the first three, and if the same spirit had characterized his whole administration, he would have retired from office with the same heart-felt acclamation that greeted his entrance? That he seems unable to see it, or that his purpose is unstable, moves sympathy and compassion for a man whose patriotism is beyond suspicion. Moreover, in the presence of resolute political gamesters, at a game in which he feels his own ignorance and inexperience, he is somewhat at their mercy. It is not an arena in which he is an actor so much as a victim.

In what a disagreeable position, also, do these events and the universal interpretation of them leave Mr. CONKLING! He is naturally ambitious of the Presidency. But instead of relying for his elevation upon the only support that makes it truly honorable, the uncoerced, unsolicited, independent choice of his fellow-Republicans, he appears as a candidate whose success will depend wholly upon intrigues and bargains and promises and fears, upon office-holding selfishness and hope and terror, upon plots and counter-plots, upon calumny and slander. Senator CONKLING could not be the spontaneous choice of the party; for his brilliancy and ability, while they have made him conspicuous, have not won him the Republican heart of the country. His strength as a candidate for the nomination does not lie in Republican hope and faith, in the trust and admiration of all good citizens who see the painful condition of our politics, and are "highly resolved," in LINCOLN'S phrase, to mend them. It is his misfortune, on the contrary, that the most faithful friends of the system which has produced that painful condition are his vehement supporters. Gentlemen who shout glory to God and respects to BABCOCK in the same breath; who denounce the prosecution of supposed accomplices of the Whiskey Ring as political persecution; who joyfully cry "Bless them!" to BABCOCK'S counsel; political traders large and small; office-holding and "pap" receiving editors; office-holding runners and packers of primaries and managers of conventions—these, and such as these, are loud, prominent, persistent supporters of the nomination of Mr. CONKLING, and such support is the earnest of the future in case of success. That support is, therefore, the repulse of all within and without the party who are for pushing into a purer air out of "the mortifying and fatal events of the last five months" and longer. The nomination of the Senator would be a triumph over the better elements of his party. It would not be a mere personal preference. It would be the victory of a debasing tendency, of party discipline, not of party conviction. It would instantly alienate an immense independent vote, and it would throw hosts of Republicans upon a desperate alternative, and that, as we have heretofore said, is not the way to arouse enthusiasm nor to command success.

## NEW YORK AT CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS.

THE folly of instructions and pledges to delegations to the National Conventions has been generally and happily abandoned by both parties. The Pennsylvania Republican Convention, indeed, not only itself presented the name of Governor HARTRANFT, but instructed the delegates to present it, to support him earnestly, and to vote upon all questions as the majority of the delegation should direct. But the New York Republican Convention wisely contented itself with presenting a name, and forbore to instruct the delegates. The example of the Pennsylvania Republicans, however, was substantially followed by the New York Democrats, who repeated their old resolution, which vaguely requires the delegation "to enter the Convention as a unit in accordance with the will of a majority of the members." Nothing could well be more obscure or clumsy in expression, for, having "entered" the Convention, the literal force of the resolution is exhausted. There is already a wrangle among the New York Democrats whether their delegation is or is not instructed. However it be decided, the essential evil of instructions is that they are false pretenses. They state what is not a fact. They represent what does not exist. The important point for the National Convention to know is the actual sentiment and condition of the party in the different States. But the intention of instructions is to make that knowledge impossible. Does any sane person suppose that the Republicans of Pennsylvania, or any considerable portion of them, sincerely expect that Governor HARTRANFT will be the candidate? And why should not the views of thirty-four Democrats from New York be considered as well as those of thirty-six? They are absolutely indispensable to a correct appreciation of the Democratic situation in the State.

The truth is that Governor TILDEN, in New York, is a politician of the old school, to which, also, Mr. SIMON CAMERON belongs in Pennsylvania. They are men of "business," and, like the late Mr. DEAN RICHMOND, they smile at the nonsense of leaving any thing important to the Convention. They regard delegates as tools and puppets. They set their game, and the human counters must conform. They thus reduce government to a skillful play, the result of which depends upon the selfish adroitness of the gamblers. Governor TILDEN devoted all his skill to the capture and control of the late Democratic Convention in this State, and he succeeded. His success and consequent action show the folly of the system of instruction as an index of party feeling. Within less than a month after the Convention the Governor finds himself in the State in the position of Mr. CONKLING. By careful management both succeeded in carrying by a majority their party Conventions. But both have found themselves confronted by a powerful opposition in the party. Neither of them has an advocate among the leading journals of their party in this city. The best friend of Governor TILDEN is the *Tribune*, which is not a Democratic paper; and the most strenuous supporters of Mr. CONKLING are the *Herald*, whose politics are probably as amusing to itself as to its readers, and the *Sun*, which holds that the paramount political necessity of the time is the total defeat of the Republican party.

If we go a step further, however, the advantage of the party situation in the State is with Governor TILDEN, and not with Senator CONKLING. We quoted last week the happy remark of the Buffalo *Express*, that the best elements of the Democratic party favor the Governor, while he is opposed by the mere politicians. He is himself, indeed, a much shrewder political Reynard than any of the Tammany or Canal ring, and the proof of it is that they do not, and he does, command the confidence of the better Democrats of the State. The kind of opposition which Governor TILDEN meets in his party is shown by the reports of a late Democratic conference in Albany, and of interviews with Judge CHURCH and other Democratic politicians. The conference was held at the house of Judge PARKER, who was the candidate for Governor brought forward by the opponents of Mr. TILDEN in 1874. Among those present were Mr. HOFFMAN, known in this State as TWEED'S Governor, Mr. BEACH, Mr. LITTLEJOHN, Mr. CORNING, Judge ALLEN, one of Judge CHURCH'S associates, and other gentlemen perfectly well known in New York Democratic politics, and of whom it may be most truthfully said that they do not represent the progressive or hopeful element of the Democratic party. The report of the interview describes Judge CHURCH as saying that the candidate should not be taken from New York, that Mr. HENDRICKS or Mr. BAYARD would unite the party in the State, and that the New York delegation is not instructed, but that the delegates are left free to act upon their own responsibility. As an offset to the views of Judge CHURCH and Mr. CORNING, those of Lieutenant-Governor DORSHEIMER, a warm friend of Governor TILDEN, are reported. But the object is evidently to use Mr. DORSHEIMER, who was until 1872 a Republican, as a foil to the Democratic "wheel horses," and to show that it is the recruits, not the old Democratic captains, who support Governor TILDEN. Yet nothing is plainer than that the strength of any Democratic candidate in New York lies in his ability to get something more than the strict party vote, and if the feeling which Mr. DORSHEIMER must be taken to represent is defied, the Democratic case is hopeless.

But while thus Governor TILDEN, a wily and experienced politician, is opposed by dissatisfied politicians of his own party, and sustained by its better sentiment and by an outside confidence to which we have heretofore referred, the Republican protest against Senator CONKLING in this State is of a very different kind. It is not that of disappointed or "sore-headed" politicians, but proceeds chiefly from that independent and powerful class of voters who neither ask nor expect office, but who largely supply the real enthusiasm and means of the canvass. Were Senator CONKLING deprived of the support which he receives because of his control of the national patronage, and were his popularity tested by any real impression that he has made upon the Republican masses of New York or upon the higher intelligence of the party, the result would surprise those who sometimes speak of him as holding the position which Mr. SEWARD, without an office at his command, held in 1860. Thus the "suggestion" of Mr. TILDEN'S name by the Democratic Convention of this State and the "presentation" of Mr. CONKLING'S by the Republican Convention, like the iron-clad instruction in Pennsylvania, throw no light upon the real situation in New York, and merely serve to show the utter and fraudulent folly of the system of pledging and instructing. The New York Democratic delegation is told to vote as the majority directs, but Mr. LITTLEJOHN, one of the anti-TILDEN delegates, announced at the Albany conference that he would state at the St. Louis Convention that the New York votes were cast under compulsion, and that it must not be supposed that the delegation was united in Mr. TILDEN'S support. If such action should tend to put an end to the system of instruction, which is merely part of the plan by which "the machine" attempts to make its will stand for that of the party, it would be a public benefit.

## MAJOR ANDERSON, OF FORT SUMTER.

CAPTAIN EDWARD L. ANDERSON, a nephew of Major ROBERT ANDERSON, of Fort Sumter, sends us a letter, which will be found in the Supplement, and which is a very interesting story of the early days of the war. Captain ANDERSON feels that General DOUBLEDAY, in his graphic little book upon Forts Sumter and Moultrie, and Mr. EUGENE LAWRENCE, in his article based upon that book, have unjustly estimated Major ANDERSON'S position at the outbreak of the war, and have consequently misinterpreted his conduct. Captain ANDERSON writes warmly, as is natural, for he feels that both the patriotism and honor of his relative are in question. But the tone of General DOUBLEDAY'S book does not seem to us in any ungenerous sense hostile to Major ANDERSON. Their views of the crisis undoubtedly honestly differed, and under such circumstances

conduct appears in a very different light. Certainly General DOUBLEDAY could have no reason to misrepresent the position of his old commander, while every statement which leaves it questionable of course seems to his friends a slur. The reply of Captain ANDERSON is well worth reading.

## THE SITUATION AND THE NOMINATION.

As the time for nominating candidates for the Presidency approaches, interest is so concentrated upon persons that the principles they represent are somewhat forgotten. Our mischievous system of the civil service, also, which makes every Presidential election a scramble for plunder, necessarily obscures the real points at issue. But they are sure to be recalled the moment the nomination is made, and they are constantly refreshed in the public mind during the progress of the canvass. The principle which should govern the selection of the candidate is, therefore, plain. He should be the most satisfactory representative of the general policy that the party which is expected to support him demands. This policy, in turn, will be determined by the actual situation of the country, and no aspirant for the nomination who mistakes this situation will probably succeed. As an illustration we may select Senator MORTON. East of the Alleghanies there has never been a feeling that his candidacy was serious. That he was an intrepid and able war Governor is gladly conceded, and his general ability has not been denied. Moreover, he has been a steady Republican partisan. But the suggestion of his nomination for the Presidency has been always regarded here with a kind of incredulous curiosity. This, again, was in no sense a sectional feeling. There was no Eastern incredulity about the candidacy of ABRAHAM LINCOLN or General GRANT, and there is none whatever about that of Mr. BRISTOW, as there is none in the Northwest about that of Mr. BLAINE.

The real, if often unconscious, reason of the feeling about Mr. MORTON is that he seems not to understand the actual situation, and certainly does not represent its demand. He has apparently decided that the controlling consideration in the popular mind would be the Southern question, and that if a candidate were the conspicuous champion of the strong hand in that section, all other questions would be forgotten. Now at this political epoch, when there is no one absorbing and supreme issue, Republican voters, whatever may be true of others, are divided into classes, to each of which some one question is paramount. This has never been so before in the history of the party. In 1856, '60, '64, '68, and '72 there was but one view to take of the situation. In 1872 there were signs of division in the party, but the emergency and the usual Democratic stupidity forbade a serious breach. This year, however, the issues of the election are felt to be more various. One, indeed, is commanding and superior, and will influence the great mass of voters. That one is the return to a simpler and honester method of administration, which is known as reform. This is the great, although not the only, issue, and upon this Mr. MORTON, like Mr. CONKLING, has no position whatever except that of identification with the thing to be reformed. The Southern question is not forgotten, and will not be forgotten by any Republican, but the party could not now be rallied to a candidate who has been really an obstructionist to its necessary progress upon other questions, merely because he has been the champion of a certain policy upon one question. The situation, also, is such that the mere regularity of the nomination would not suffice. The mere consideration of party as such was never so weak as it is now. The stanchest Democrats freely say that they would vote for a hard-money Republican rather than for a soft-money Democrat; and Republicans, in the same spirit, do not hesitate to declare that it will not be enough that the Cincinnati candidate is a Republican.

For Republicans chiefly interested in the financial question, Mr. MORTON'S position has been equivocal. His action has been that of a man trying to discover how the wind is going to blow. There has been no evidence of his clear and positive conviction of the course required both by honor and expediency, whatever the wind might be. No Republican who has deep and strong convictions upon this subject could possibly feel that an administration of which Mr. MORTON was chief could be trusted for a brave and resolute leadership toward a sound currency. This is an election in which all such points are to be especially considered. Political independence was never so great. Party allegiance, as we said, was never so slight. The problem for wise politicians, therefore, is not who can be nominated by skillful dicker, but who can be elected, who can unite the largest number of the doubtful voters inside and outside of the party. And the answer is obvious. The paramount demand of the patriotic intelligence of the country, not to the exclusion of other demands, but before them all, is practical administrative reform. This really affects all the other issues. Thus the true Republican policy in the Southern States is not mere forcible protection of the colored citizens, but it is the demonstration to the people of those States that the Republican party is not controlled by such persons as are often appointed or who buy their election to office in those States, but by a spirit of sincere but not sentimental fraternity. This is a policy which can not be carried out under the present system. Take Senator SPENCER as an illustration. If he and such as he are to continue to be the types of Republicanism in the Southern States, can the policy which good sense and patriotism imperatively urge upon it be maintained? The candidate who satisfies the evident conditions is one whose career shows that the Republican party understands to-day as well as it understood yesterday.

## A CORRECTION.

THE New York *World* cites a remark quoted by *Harper's Weekly* from "an original, earnest, radical Republican," and declares it to be a misrepresentation by the *Weekly* of something said by Mr. F. W. BIRD, of Massachusetts. It is enough to say that the remark quoted by *Harper's Weekly* was neither made by Mr. BIRD nor attributed to him by this journal.

## NEW BOOKS.

ONE of the most valuable contributions to the scientific literature of the day is Professor SPENCER F. BAIRD'S *Annual Record of Science and Industry for* 1875, published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. This volume forms the fifth of a series of scientific "Year Books," in which are recorded, briefly and comprehensively, all the most important discoveries and other results of scientific investigation for the year. The volume is in two distinct parts, the first comprising historical summaries of progress during 1875 in Mathematics and Theoretical Mechanics, Astronomy, Meteorology, General Physics, Chemistry and Metallurgy, Mineralogy and Geology, Geography, Zoology, Botany, Agriculture and Rural Economy, Fish-Culture, Domestic and Household Economy, and many other departments. The subjects named indicate but imperfectly the wide range of topics treated in this important volume. The second part consists of paragraphs, classed under general heads, communicating in brief the results of investigations by special scientists, or respecting certain subjects. Thus the advantages of the paragraph method, which enables the reader to find at once, and without going over other ground, the information he desires upon any special subject, are in this volume combined with those of a consecutive and comprehensive historical summary.

In the preparation of the *Record*, Professor Baird has had the co-operation of scientific societies in all parts of the world where such bodies exist, and of the most distinguished scientists of Europe and America. It comprises, therefore, within the compass of a little more than 600 pages, a mass of important and interesting information which is accessible to the general public in no other form, presenting in one compact and convenient volume the substance of hundreds of reports and volumes published in many countries and in various languages. A carefully prepared and very full index facilitates reference to any subject on which the reader desires information.

—The readers of *Harper's Magazine* will remember with pleasure a series of highly interesting illustrated papers by Professor CHARLES RAU, which appeared recently in that periodical, entitled *The Stone Age in Europe*. These papers have now been collected and published in book form by Messrs. Harper & Brothers under the title of *Early Man in Europe*, with such alterations and additions as the progressive character of prehistoric investigation in Europe demanded. The literature of this important and interesting subject has of late years increased to such an extent, and is scattered over such a vast number of books, pamphlets, and reports, that ordinary readers must despair of ever mastering it. The present work gives, within the compass of an octavo volume, a condensed and yet clear and comprehensive account of the discoveries which have been made and the conclusions which have been reached respecting the moral and physical condition of man in Europe during the prehistoric ages. Readers who have neither the occasion nor the time for extensive study, but who desire to obtain an intelligent and general knowledge of the subject, will find Professor Rau's book a most excellent manual; and even those who may dissent from his views will admire the clearness and force with which he sets them forth.

—The "Leisure-hour Series," published by Henry Holt & Co., is an excellent collection of works whose character is light and entertaining, though not trivial. Handy for the pocket or the sachel, they are not, either in contents or appearance, unworthy of a place on the library shelves. There are now about sixty volumes in the series, comprising works by Edmond About, Berthold Auerbach, Victor Cherbuliez, Thomas Hardy, F. Spielhagen, Ivan Turgenieff, and many others. Among the latest additions are *The Hand of Ethelberta*, by HARDY; *Miss Molley*, by CECIL M. BUTT; *Pretty Miss Bellew*, by THEO. GIFT; and *Her Dearest Foe*, by Mrs. ALEXANDER.

—While upon the subject of small volumes, we would call the attention of our readers to the beautiful little "Vest Pocket Series," published by J. S. Osgood & Co., now comprising some twelve or fourteen volumes, diminutive in size, but with clear, readable type and attractive binding. The list contains the names of Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, Howells, J. T. Fields, Lowell, and other authors of note, and several of the volumes are illustrated with fine wood-engravings. The print is not too fine to be read on a railroad car, and the convenient size of these volumes, the low price, and the attractive character of their contents must commend them to the special favor of those persons who wish for pleasant reading to beguile the tedium of travel. The same publishers have also published, in a very neat and attractive form, a "Little Classic" edition of Hawthorne's works, complete in twenty-one volumes.

—The life of the unfortunate English painter Haydon furnishes material of the most interesting character for the initial volume of the "Sans Souci Series," which succeeds the attractive "Bric-à-Brac Series," published by Messrs. Scribner & Co., and which, under the accomplished editorship of Mr. R. H. STODDARD, bids fair to rival the popularity of its predecessor. Such volumes, so pleasant to the eye, so convenient to the hand, and so entertaining in their contents, can not fail to win the favor of the reading public.

## PERSONAL.

MR. MANTON MARBLE has retired from the *World* after fourteen years of hard but successful labor as its proprietor and editor. It was something to undertake, at the age of seven-and-twenty, the proprietorship and management of a leading daily, to reorganize its staff, to change its political course, to gather about him a corps of writers unsurpassed for ability and versatility, to create for it in the space of a few months a national reputation, to win for it the admiration of all classes, irrespective of politics, and to maintain for it from that time to the present its position as the leading organ of the Democratic party. Mr. MARBLE is not only a very able editor, but one of the most accomplished Greek scholars in the country, and few men possess a wider acquaintance with general literature. He leaves the *World* in perfectly competent hands. Mr. WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT, who succeeds to the property and direction of the establishment, is one of the most widely known of American journalists, a gentleman of the highest culture, and the master of a style so brilliant and felicitous that whether discussing a fifth-rate point of order, the Greek particle, or a declaration of war, he never fails to interest the reader.

—Mr. EDWARD F. BEALE, who has been nominated as minister to Austria, was formerly a lieutenant in the navy, but resigned, and settled in California soon after the American occupation. He was Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and subsequently for several years United States Surveyor-General for that State, and while there a personal friendship was established between him and General GRANT, which has continued ever since. After acquiring a large amount of property in California, he returned six years ago to his old home in Chester, Pennsylvania, from which place he removed with his family to Washington in 1873 or 1874. He was talked of for appointment as one of the Commissioners of the District at the time the Provisional Government was established, and during his residence in Washington his name has been mentioned by rumor in connection with several other Federal appointments.

—President GRANT has announced privately his intention of visiting England immediately after the expiration of his official term, to remain abroad during the summer.

—General SHERMAN, in a recent letter, says: "I am more sorry than you possibly can be at the cause which took me away from St. Louis and forced me to reside in Washington."

—Miss THOMPSON'S picture, "Balaklava," was taken to Buckingham Palace recently, at the request of the Queen, in order that it might be inspected by her Majesty and the Empress of Germany.

—Mr. C. S. READ, M.P., who has done so much for English agriculture, was recently dined in London by his friends, and not only dined, but presented with a check for $25,000, in recognition of his services.

—Sir SYDNEY WATERLOW, M.P., formerly Lord Mayor of London, has arrived from England and proceeded to Philadelphia to enter upon his duties as one of the judges of the English department. Sir SYDNEY is a self-made man. He began as an apprentice in a printing-office, and rose to be the head of probably the largest job-printing establishment in London. He is better known here and better entitled to American regard as the projector of a remarkably successful system of improved tenements for the working classes, in which he received the assistance of the British government, and which has proved at once singularly beneficial to working-men and profitable as an investment.

—Sir EDWARD THORNTON, the British minister, has rented a place near Onota Lake, a short distance from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, for the summer.

—Bishop SIMPSON, who occupied so prominent a position among the clerical notabilities at the Centennial opening, is somewhat massive in stature, has square shoulders, a square face, and a low, broad forehead. His voice is high and powerful, and his eloquence in the pulpit is proverbial throughout the country.

—The testimonial fund for Captain WEBB, who swam across the English Channel, has reached about $20,000.

—The New York *Evening Post* says of the late Mr. HENRY KINGSLEY: "His fame was somewhat obscured by that of his late brother, Canon KINGSLEY, but still he was a clever and popular writer. He was born in 1824 in Holne, Devonshire, England, and was educated in Oriel College, Oxford. After he had finished his college studies, Mr. KINGSLEY went to Australia, whence he returned in 1858 to England, and gave to literature some of his experiences in the colonies in the shape of a novel called *The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn*. He has since contributed to the leading English periodicals, and has written a number of favorite novels, such as *Ravenshoe*, *Austin Eliot*, *Leighton Court*, *Mademoiselle Mathilde*, *Stretton*, *Hetty*, and *Old Margaret*. He was for a time editor of the London *Daily Review*, and was the correspondent of that journal during the French and German war."

—*On dit* that the newspapers of Philadelphia are profiting largely by the popular interest in the Centennial. The *Press*, of that city, Colonel FORNEY'S paper, sold over 87,000 copies of the number in which the opening of the Exhibition was described.

—Dr. ROBERT P. KEEP, of Hartford, Connecticut, has been appointed master in the classical department of Williston Seminary. Dr. KEEP, who is one of the foremost classical scholars of the day, is engaged upon a Homeric Dictionary, based upon the well-known German work of the renowned Homeric scholar, Dr. GEORGE AUTENRIETH. It will be published by the HARPERS.

—WALT WHITMAN, in a recent letter to a friend, writes: "Though poor now, even to penury, I have not, so far, been deprived of any physical thing I need or wish whatever, and I feel confident I shall not in the future."

—Major THOMAS BUTLER and General WILLIAM O. BUTLER, the only two living members of General JACKSON'S staff, who were present at the battle of New Orleans, live near Carrollton, Kentucky. The first is over eighty-seven, and the other in his eighty-sixth year, and both have good health.

—As this is the period when our National Conventions begin to harvest their candidates for the Presidency, it may be well enough to mention that General GRANT is the first since ANDREW JACKSON who has lived through three years of his second term. WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, MADISON, MONROE, and JACKSON lived through two terms. LINCOLN was shot on the forty-first day of his second term.

—Mr. POOLE, the London tailor, whose fame has been carried to the four quarters of the globe by people who think much on the subject of "wherewithal shall we be clothed," died a few days ago, after a prolonged illness. Owing to the favor which he received from highly placed personages, Mr. POOLE held an exceptional position, and on the annual occasion of the University boat-race he acted as host at his cottage on the river to princes of the blood and members, male and female, of the peerage.

—Mr. GLADSTONE, like the late Mr. GREELEY, slings the axe. A few days since he completed a paper on "Modern Religious Thought," which will appear in the *Contemporary Review* for June; after which he set to work and cut down a beech-tree, the trunk of which measured thirteen feet in circumference. This task he accomplished in less than six hours, and, according to the opinion of professional wood-cutters, in a thoroughly workman-like manner. The trunk contained over two hundred cubic feet, and weighed nearly nine tons.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The discussion in the Senate on the question of jurisdiction in the Belknap impeachment case was resumed on the 22d ult., and continued from day to day without result. On the same day, Edwards Pierrepont was nominated and confirmed as minister to England, Judge Taft as Attorney-General, and J. Donald Cameron as Secretary of War. Senator Barnum, of Connecticut, appeared and took the oath of office.—The House, on the 23d, passed the Naval Appropriation Bill.—The Senate, on the 24th, passed the bill establishing the rank of paymaster-general of the United States army with the rank of brigadier-general. The President nominated Edward F. Beale to be minister to Vienna, in place of Mr. Orth, resigned.—In the Senate, on the 25th, Mr. Paddock, of Nebraska, from the Committee on Post-offices and Post-Roads, reported, with an amendment in the nature of a substitute, the bill to restore the franking privilege. Placed on the calendar. Senator Wright, of Iowa, from the Committee on Civil Service and Retrenchment, reported back the bill fixing the salary of the President of the United States at $25,000 a year, together with the message of the President vetoing the same, and recommended that the bill be passed notwithstanding the objections of the President. Mr. Wright said he had been directed by the committee to request the Senate to act on the bill as soon as possible. It was placed on the calendar. The House, on the 25th, went into a Committee of the Whole on the Tariff Bill. Mr. Morrison made a lengthy speech in explanation of the bill, but no result was reached.—On the 26th the House ordered an investigation into the charge that $300,000 had been spent to secure the passage of the Hawaiian Treaty Bill.

The following State Conventions were held during the week for the election of delegates to the National Conventions: On the 23d ult., New Jersey Democratic, delegates requested to present the name of Joel Parker for President. On the 24th, Illinois Republican, nominated Shelby M. Cullom for Governor, delegates nearly unanimous for Blaine; Minnesota Republican, resolution adopted in favor of Blaine; Missouri Republican, delegates divided for Blaine and Morton; Nebraska Republican, delegates instructed for Blaine; Kansas Republican, resolution passed declaring Blaine first choice; New Hampshire Republican, delegates two-thirds for Blaine and one-third for Bristow. On the 25th, Dakota Republican, delegates uninstructed; Spencer Republicans of Alabama, named State officers and recommended Mr. Morton; California Democratic, delegates uninstructed, but favorable to Mr. Tilden; Kentucky Democratic, absolutely unpledged.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says there were twenty-nine negroes killed in Wilkinson County, Mississippi, during the recent disturbances there.

Thomas W. Piper, the murderer of little Mabel Young, was hanged in Boston on the 26th.

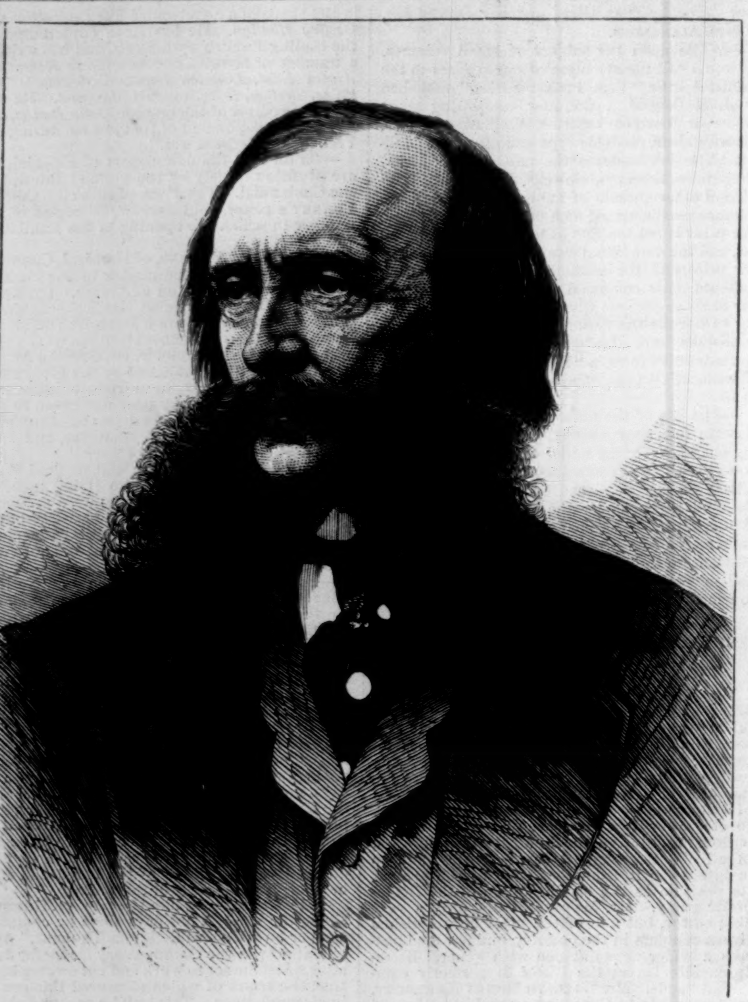
## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE latest dispatches from Turkey report another fight. The insurgents, 2000 strong, attempted to occupy the heights of Bagnani, in the district of Gatschko. The Turks claim the victory, and say that the insurgents lost 150 men. According to Sclavonic accounts, the insurgents, although at first repulsed, received 1000 re-enforcements, drove the Turkish troops, consisting of eight battalions, to Sternitzko, and 500 Turks and 125 insurgents were killed. A Belgrade telegram to the London *Daily News* reports that 30,000 Bulgarians rose in insurrection, on the 24th ult., from Slivno to Iptiman, on the occasion of the feast of their patron saint Curil; 12,000 Turks were sent against them from Uissa and Widdin.

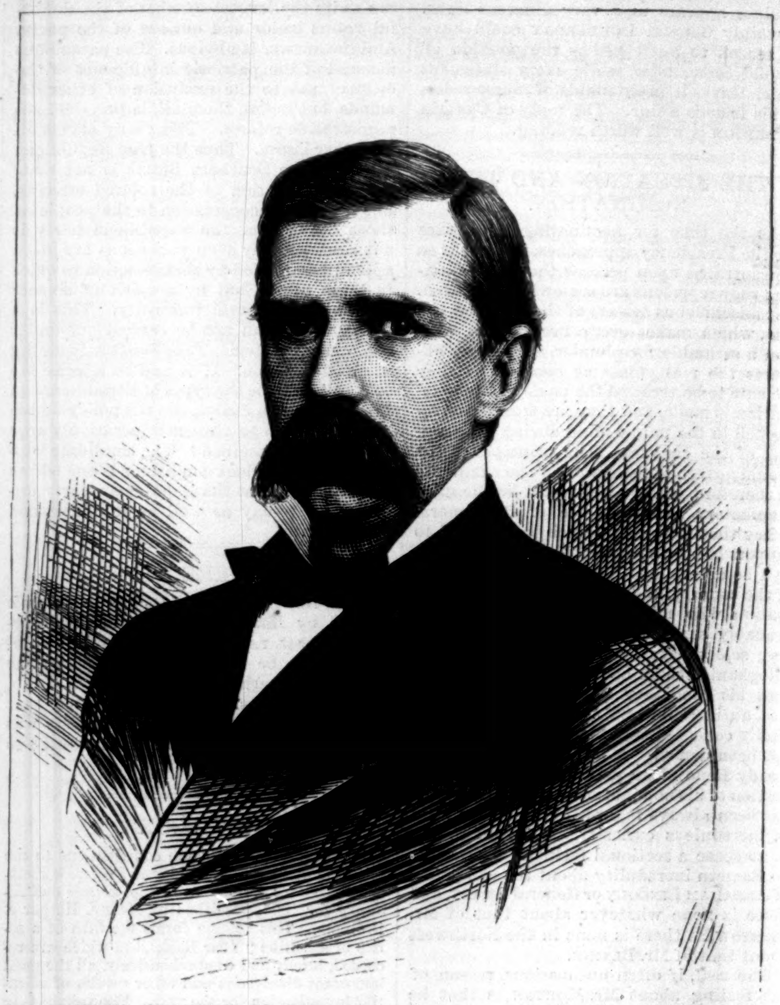
The Spanish Cortes has passed the whole draft of the new constitution by a vote of 285 to 40.

The Pope has resolved that the relations with the Spanish government should not be formally suspended on account of the adoption of the toleration clause in the new constitution, but that the nuncio at Madrid should be granted indefinite leave of absence.

The French Senate, on the 22d, almost unanimously rejected a motion made by M. Victor Hugo in favor of complete amnesty.



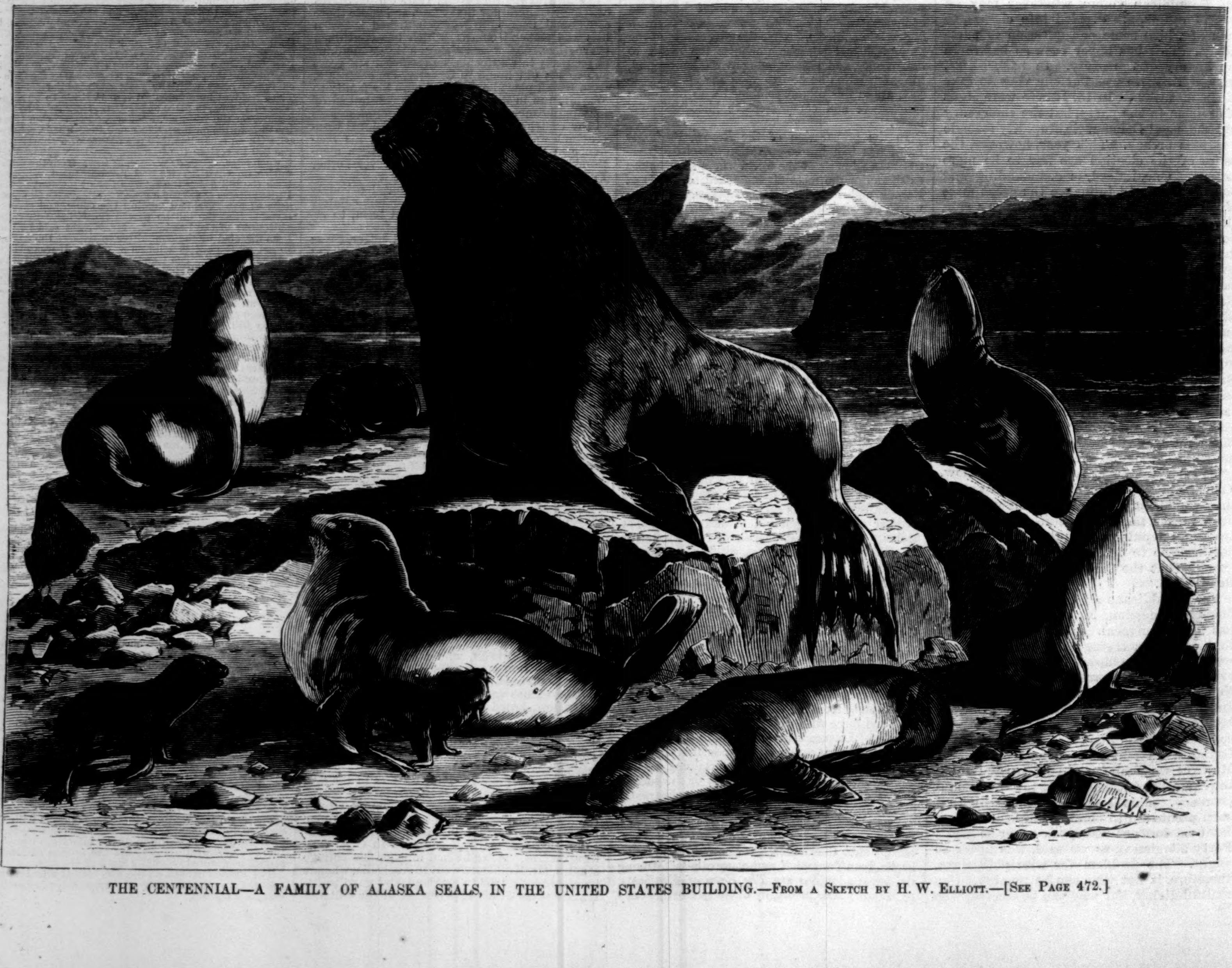
EDWARDS PIERREPONT, MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]



J. D. CAMERON, SECRETARY OF WAR.—PHOT. BY BROADBENT & PHILIPS, PHILA.—[SEE PAGE 470.]

## THE HON. EDWARDS PIERREPONT.

THE Hon. EDWARDS PIERREPONT, recently appointed United States minister to England, was born in North Haven, Connecticut, in 1817. He graduated from Yale College at the age of twenty-four years, studied law at the New Haven Law School, and at the end of his course began the practice of his profession at Columbus, Ohio. Five years later he returned East, and in 1847 began practice in New York, with eminent success. From 1857 to 1860 he was a judge of the Superior Court. Up to 1861 Mr. PIERREPONT acted with the Democratic party, but from that time he has been a Republican, and throughout the war was an earnest supporter of the Union cause. He advocated the re-election of President LINCOLN in the memorable campaign of 1864, and the address which he delivered at the Cooper Union in support of the Republican candidates had a national circulation. Mr. PIERREPONT aided largely in the election of General GRANT, who, on his inauguration, appointed him to the position of United States District Attorney for Southern New York. Fourteen months later he resigned, and took an active part in the movement against the Tammany Ring. In 1872 he supported the re-election of General GRANT, and soon after the inauguration he was offered the Russian mission, which he declined. In April, 1875, he was appointed Attorney-General, and held that position until his appointment as minister to England.



THE CENTENNIAL—A FAMILY OF ALASKA SEALS, IN THE UNITED STATES BUILDING.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. W. ELLIOTT.—[SEE PAGE 472.]

# CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAID OF SKER," "LORNA DOONE," "ALICE LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER LII.

### UNPATERNAL.

MEANWHILE Mr. Sharp had his forces ready, and was waiting for Grace and Christopher. Cinnaminta's good Uncle Kershoe (who spent half of his useful time in stealing horses, and the other half in disguising and disposing of them), although he might not have desired to show himself so long before the moonlight, yet, true to honor, here he was, blinking beneath a three-cornered hat, like a grandly respectable coachman. The carriage was drawn up in a shady place, quite out of sight from the windows; and the horses, having very rare experience of oats, were embracing a fine opportunity. In picturesque attitudes of tobacconizing—if the depth of the wood covers barbarism—three fine fellows might now be seen; to wit, Black George, Joe Smith, and that substantial householder, Tickuss Cripps. In the chaise sat a lady of comfortable aspect, though fidgeting now with fat, well-gloved hands. Mrs. Sharp had begged not to have to stop at home and wonder what might be doing with her own Kit: and the case being now one of neck or nothing, her husband had let her come, foreseeing that she might be of use with Grace Oglander. For the moment, however, she looked more likely to need attendance for herself; for she kept glancing round toward the cottage door, while her plump and still comely cheeks were twitching, and tears of deep thought about the merits of her son held her heart in quick readiness to be up and help them. Once Mr. Sharp, whose main good point, among several others, was affection for his wife, rode up, and in a playful manner tickled her nose with the buckskin loop of his loaded whip, and laughed at her. She felt how kind it was of him, but her smile was only feeble.

"Now mind, dear," said Mr. Sharp, reining his horse (as strong as couch-grass and as bright as a daisy), "feel no anxiety about me. You have plenty of nourishment in your three bags; keep them all alive with it. Every thing is mapped out perfectly. Near Wycombe, without rousing any landlord, you have a fresh pair of horses. In a desert place called the 'New Road,' in London, I meet you and take charge of you."

"May Kit have his pipe on the box? I am sure it will make him go so much sweeter."

"Fifty, if he likes. You put his seal-skin pouch in. You think of every one before yourself."

"But can I get on with that dreadful woman? Don't you think she will preach me to death, Luke?"

"Miranda, my dear, you are talking loosely. You forget the great gift that you possess—the noblest endowment of the nobler sex. You can sleep whenever you like, and do it without even a suspicion of a snore. It is the very finest form of listening. Good-by. You will be a most happy party. When once I see you packed I shall spur on in front."

Mr. Sharp kissed his hand and rode back to the cottage. Right well he knew what a time ladies take to put their clothes upon them; and the more grow the years of their practice in the art, the longer grow the hours needful. Still, he thought Miss Patch had been quite long enough. But what could he say, when he saw her at her window, with the looking-glass sternly set back upon the drawers, lifting her hands in short prayer to the Lord: as genuine a prayer as was ever tried. She was praying for a blessing on this new adventure, and that all might lead up to the glory of the Kingdom; she besought to be relieved at last from her wearying instrumentality. Mr. Sharp still had some little faith left—for he was a man of much good feeling—and he did not scoff at his sister's prayer, as a man of low nature might have done.

Nevertheless he struck up with his whip at the ivy round her bedroom window, to impress the need of brevity; and the lady, though shocked at the suggestion of curtailment, did curtail considerably. In less than five minutes she was busy at the doorway, seeing to the exit of every thing; and presently, with very pious precision, she gave Mrs. Margery Daw half a crown, and a tract which some friend should read to her, after rubbing her glands with a rind of bacon and a worn-out pocket-handkerchief, which had belonged to the mighty Rowland Hill, whose voice went three miles and a half.

Then Miss Patch (with her dress tucked up, and her spectacles at their brightest) marched, with her copy of the Scriptures borne prominently forward, and the tags of her cloak doubled up on her arm, toward the carriage, where Grace must be waiting for her. The sloping of the sunset threw her shadow, and the ring-doves in the wood were cooing. The peace and the beauty touched even her heart; and the hushing of the winds of evening in among the many-textured nestling of the wood soothed the most combative mind to that peace of childhood, wherein God means good.

But just as she was shaking hands benevolently with Mrs. Sharp, before getting into the carriage, back rode Mr. Sharp at full gallop, and without any ceremony shouted, "Where's the girl?"

"Miss Oglander? Why, I thought she was here!" Hannah Patch answered, with a little gasp.

"And I thought she was coming with you," cried Mrs. Sharp; "as well as my dear boy Christopher."

"I let her go to meet him as you arranged," Miss Patch exclaimed, decisively; "I had nothing to do with her after that."

"Is it possible that the boy has rogued me?" As Mr. Sharp said these few words, his face took a color never seen before, even by his loving wife. The color was a livid purple, and it made his sparkling eyes look pale.

"They must be at the cottage," Mrs. Sharp suggested; "let me go to look for them, if no one will."

The lawyer had his reasons for preventing this, as well as for keeping himself where he was; and therefore at a sign from him Miss Patch turned back, and set off almost at a run for the cottage. No sooner had she turned the corner than Joe Smith, the tall gypsy, emerged from the wood with long strides into the road, and beckoned to Mr. Sharp urgently. The lawyer was with him in a moment, and almost struck him in his fury at what he heard.

"How could you allow it? What a d——d fool you must be! Run to the corner where the two lanes meet. Take George with you. I will ride straight down the road. No, stop, cut the traces of those two horses! You jump on one, and Black George on the other, and off for the corner full gallop. You ought to be there before the cart. I will ride straight after that d——d rascal. Zounds, is one man to beat five of us?" Waiting for no answer, he struck spurs into his horse, and stooping over the withers, dashed into a tangled alley, which seemed to lead toward the timber track.

No wonder Mr. Sharp was in such a rage, for what had happened was exactly this—only much of it happened with more speed than words.

Cripps the carrier had been put up by several friends and relations (especially Numbers, the butcher, who missed the pork trade of Leviticus) to bring things directly to a point, instead of letting them go on in a way which was neither one thing nor the other. Confessing all the claims of duty, poor Zachary only asked how he could discharge them. He had done his very best, and he had found out nothing. If any one could tell him what more to do, he would wear out his best shoes to thank them.

"Brother Zac," said Mrs. Numbers, with a feeling which in a less loyal family would have been contempt, "have you set a woman to work; now have you?"

Every Cripps present was struck with this, and, most of all, the carrier. Mrs. Numbers herself was quite ready to go, but a feud had arisen betwixt her and Susannah, as to whether three-holed or four-holed buttons cut the cotton faster; and therefore the carrier resolved to take his own sister Etty, who never quarreled. It was found out that she required change of air, and, indeed, she had been rather delicate ever since her long sad task at Shotover. Now Leviticus durst not refuse to receive her, much as he disliked the plan. The girl went without any idea of playing spy; all she knew was that her brother was suspected of falling into low company, and she was to put him on his mettle, if she could.

Hence it was that Hardenow, gazing betwixt the two feather-edged boards, beheld—just before he lost his wits—the honored vehicle of Cripps, with empty washing baskets, standing, on its welcome homeward road, to discharge the fair Etty at her brother's gate. Tickuss was away upon Mr. Sharp's business, and Zachary, through a grand sense of honor, would not take advantage of the chance by going in. Craft and wickedness might be in full play with them, but a wife should on no account be taken unawares, and tempted to speak outside her duty.

Therefore the carrier kissed his sister in the soft gleam of the sunset clouds, and refusing so much as a glass of ale, touched up Dobbin with a tickle of the whip; and that excellent nag (after looking round for oats in a dream, which his common-sense premised to be too sanguine) brushed all his latter elegances with his tail, and fetching round his blinkers a most sad adieu to Esther, gave a little grunt at fortune and resignedly set off. Alas, when he grunted at a light day's work, how little did he guess what unparalleled exertions parted him yet from his stable for the night!

For while Master Cripps, with an equable mind, was jogging it gently on the silent way, and (thinking how lonely his cottage would be without Esther) was balancing in his mind the respective charms of his three admirers, Mary Hookham, Mealy Hiss, and Sally Brown of the "Golden Cross," and sadly concluding that he must make up his mind to one of the three ere long—suddenly he beheld a thing which frightened him more than a dozen wives.

Cripps was come to a turn of the track—for it scarcely could be called a road—and was sadly singing to Dobbin and himself that exquisite elegiac—

"Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries, his trouble begins;"

Dobbin also, though he never had been married, was trying to keep time to this tune, as he always did to sound sentiments; when the two of them saw a sight that came, like a stroke for profanity, over them.

Directly in front of them, from a thick bush, sprang a beautiful girl into the middle of the lane, and spread out her hand to stop them. If

"DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THEM, FROM A THICK BUSH, SPRANG A BEAUTIFUL GIRL INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE LANE, AND SPREAD OUT HER HAND TO STOP THEM."

the evening light had been a little paler, or even the moon had been behind her, a ghost she must have been then, and forever. Cripps stared as if he would have no eyes any more; but Dobbin had received a great many comforts from the little hands spread out to him; and he stopped and sniffed, and lifted up his hose (now growing more decidedly aquiline) that it might be stroked, and even possibly regaled with a bunch of white-blossomed clover.

"Oh, Cripps, good Cripps, you dear old Cripps," Grace Oglander cried, with great tears in her eyes, "you never have forgotten me, Zachary Cripps? They say that I am dead and buried. It isn't true, not a word of it. Dear Cripps, I am as sound alive as you are. Only I have been shamefully treated. Do let me get up in your cart, good Cripps, and my father will thank you forever."

"But Missy, poor Missy," Cripps stammered out, drawing on his heart for every word, "you was buried on the seventh day of January, in the year of our Lord 1838; three pickaxes was broken over digging of your grave, by reason of the frosty weather; and all of us come to your funeral. Do 'ee go back, miss, that's a dear. The church-yard to Beckley is a comfortable place, and this here wood no place for a Christian."

"But Cripps, dear Cripps, do try to let me speak. They might have broken thirty pickaxes, but I had nothing at all to do with it. May I get up? Oh, may I get up? It is the only chance of saving me. I hear a horse tearing through the wood. Oh dear, clever Cripps, you will repent it for the rest of all your life. Even Dobbin is sharper than you are."

"You blessed old ass," cried a stern young voice, as Kit Sharp (who had meant not to show) rushed forward, "there is no time for your heavy brain to work. You shall have the young lady, dead or alive. Pardon me, Grace—no help for it. Now, thick-headed bumpkin, put one arm round her, and off at full gallop with your old screw. If you give her up, I will hang you by the neck to the tail of your broken rattletrap."

"Oh, Cripps, dear Cripps, I assure you on my honor," said Grace, as, tossed up by her lover, she sat in the seat of Esther, "I have never been dead any more than you have. I can't tell you now; oh, drive on, if you have a spark of manhood in you."

A horse and horseman came out of the wood about fifty yards behind them, and Grace would have fallen headlong, but for the half-reluctant arm of Cripps, as Dobbin with a jump (quite unknown in his very first assay of harness) set off full gallop over rut and rock, with a blow on his back from the fist of Kit, like the tumble of a chimney-pot.

Then Christopher Sharp, after one sad look at Grace Oglander's flying figure, turned round to confront his father.

"What means all this?" cried the lawyer, fiercely, being obliged to rein up his horse, unless he would trample Kit underfoot.

"It means this," answered his son, with firm gaze and strong grasp of his bridle, "that you have made a great mistake, Sir—that you must give up your plan altogether—that the poor young lady who has been so deceived—"

"Let go my bridle, will you? Am I to stop here—to be baffled by you? Idiot, let go my bridle!"

"Father, you shall not—for your own sake, you shall not. I may be an idiot, but I will not be a blackguard—"

"If by the time I have counted three your hand is on my bridle, I will knock you down and ride over you."

Their eyes met in furious conflict of will, the elder man's glaring with the blaze of an opal, the younger one's steady with a deep brown glow.

"Strike me dead, if you choose," said Kit, as his father raised his arm, with the loaded whip swinging, and counted, "One, two, three"—then the crashing blow fell on the naked temple; and it was not needed twice.

Dashing the rowels into his horse (whose knees struck the boy in the chest as he fell, and hurled him among the bushes), the lawyer, without even looking round, rode madly after Zachary. Dobbin had won a good start by this time, and was round the corner, doing great wonders for his time of life—tossing the tubs, and the baskets, and Grace, and even the sturdy carrier, like fritters in a pan, while the cart leaped and plunged, and the spokes of the wheels went round too fast to be counted. Cripps tugged at Dobbin with all his might; but for the first time in his life the old horse rebelled, and flung on at full speed.

"He knoweth best, miss; he knoweth best," cried Zachary, while Grace clung to him; "he hath a divination of his own, if he dothn't kick the cart to tatters. But never would I turn tail on a single man—who is yon chap riding after us?"

"Oh, Cripps, it is that dreadful man," whispered Grace, with her teeth jerking into her tongue, "who has kept me in prison, and perhaps killed my father. Oh, Dobbin, sweet Dobbin, try one more gallop, and you shall have clover forever!"

Poor Dobbin responded with his best endeavor; but, alas! his old feet, and his legs, and his breath, were not as in the palmy days; and a long shambling trot, with a canter for a change, was the utmost he could compass. He wagged his gray tail in brief expostulation, conveying that he could go no faster.

"Now for it," said Cripps, as the foe overhauled them. "I never was afeared of one man yet, and I don't mane to begin at this time of life. Missy, go down into the body of the cart—her rideth aisily enough by now—and cover thee up with the bucking baskets. Cripps will take thee to thy father, little 'un. Never fear, my deary."

She obeyed him by jumping back into the cart; but as for hiding in a basket, Grace had a little too much of her father's spirit. The weather was so fine that no tilt was on; she sat on the rail there, and faced her bitter foe.

"That child is my ward," shouted Mr. Sharp, riding up to the side of Cripps, while his eyes passed on from Grace's; "give her up to me this moment, fellow. I can take her by law of the land; and I will."

"Liar Sharp," answered Master Cripps, desiring to address him professionally, "this here young lady belongeth to her father, and no man else shall have her. Any reasoning thou hast to come down with, us will hearken, as we goes along, if so be that thou keepest to a civil tongue. But high words never bate me down one penny; and never shall do so, while the Lord is with me."

"Hark you, Cripps," replied Mr. Sharp, putting his lips to the carrier's ear, and whispering so that Grace could only guess at enormous sums of money (which sums began doubling at every breath), "down on the nail, and no man the wiser!"

"But the devil a great deal the wiser," said the carrier, grinning gently, as if he saw the power of evil fleeing away in discomfiture; "now Liar Sharp hath outwitted hisself. What Liar would offer such a sight of money for what were his own by the lai of the land?"

"You cursed fool, will you die?" cried Sharp, drawing and cocking a great horse-pistol; "your blood be on your own head—then yield."

Cripps, with great presence of mind, made believe for a moment to surrender, till Mr. Sharp lowered his weapon, and came up to stop the cart, and to take out Grace. In a moment, the carrier, with a wonderful stroke, learned from long whip wielding, fetched down his new lash on the eyeball of the young and ticklish horse of the lawyer. Mad with pain and rage, the horse stood up as straight as a soldier drilling, and balanced on the turn to fall back, break his spine, and crush his rider. Luke Sharp in his peril slipped off, and the cart wheel comfortably crunched over his left foot. His pistol bullet whizzed through a tall old tree. He stood on one foot, and swore horribly.

"Gee wugg, Dobbin," said Cripps, in a cheerful, but not by any means excited, vein; "us needn't gallop any more now, I reckon. The Liar hath put his foot in it. Plaize now, Miss Grace, come and sit in front again."

"We shall have you yet, you d——d old clod," Mr. Sharp in his rage yelled after him; "oh, I'll pay you out for this devil's own trick. You aren't come to the corner yet."

"Ho! ho!" shouted Cripps. "Liar Sharp, my duty to you! You don't catch me goin' to the corner, Sir, if some of the firm be awaitin' for me there."

With these words he gayly struck off to the right, through a by-lane, unknown, but just passable, where the sound of his wheels was no longer heard and the mossy boughs closed over him. Grace clung to his arm; and glory and gladness filled the simple heart of Cripps.

Meanwhile Mr. Sharp, who had stuck to his bridle, limped to his horse, but could not mount. Then he drew forth the other pistol from the near holster, and cocked it, and leveled it at Cripps; but, thanks to brave Dobbin, now the distance was too great; and he kept the charge for nobler use.

## CHAPTER LIII.

### "THIS WILL DO."

MR. SHARP'S young horse, being highly fed and victualed for the long ride to London, and having been struck in the eye unjustly, and jarred in the brain by the roar of a pistol and whiz of a bullet between his pricked ears, was now in a state of mind which offered no fair field for pure reasoning process. A better disposed horse was never foaled; and possibly none—setting Dobbin aside, as the premier and quite unapproachable type—who took a clearer view of his obligations to the provider of corn and straw, and was more ready to face and undergo all proper responsibilities.

Therefore he can not be fairly blamed, and not a pound should be deducted from his warrantable value, simply because he now did what any other young horse in the world would have felt to be his proper course. He stared all around to ask what was coming next, and he tugged on the bridle, with his fore-feet out, as a leverage against injustice, and his hind-legs spread wide apart, like a merry-thought, ready to hop any where. At the same time he stared, with great terrified eyes, now at the man who had involved him in these perils, and now at the darkening forest which might hold even worse in the background.

Mr. Sharp was not in the mood for coaxing or any conciliation. His left foot was crushed so that he could only hop, and to put it to the ground was agony; his own son had turned against him, and a contemptible clod had outwitted him; disgrace, and ruin, and death stared at him; and here was his favorite horse a rebel! He fixed his fierce eyes on the eyes of the horse, and fairly quelled him with fury. The eyes of the horse shrank back and turned, and trembled, and blinked, and pleaded softly, and then absolutely fawned. Being a very intelligent nag, he was as sure as any sound Christian of the personality of the devil—and, far worse than that, of his presence now before him.

He came round whinnying to his master's side, as gentle as a lamb and as abject as a hangdog; he allowed the lame lawyer to pick up his whip, and to lash him on his poor back, without a wince, and to lead him (when weary of that) to a stump, from which he was able to mount again.

"Thank you, you devil," cried Mr. Sharp, giving his good horse another swinging lash; "it is hopeless altogether to ride after the cart. That part of the play is played out and done with. The pious papa and the milk-and-water Missy rush into each other's arms. And as for me—well, well, I have learned to make a horse obey me. Now, Sir, if you please, we will join the ladies—gently, because of your master's foot."

He rode back quietly along the track over which he had chased the carrier's cart; and his foot was now in such anguish that the whole of his wonderful self-command was needed to keep him silent. He set his hard lips, and his rigid nose was drawn as pale as parchment, and the fire of his eyes died into the dullness of universal rancor. No hard-hearted man can find his joy in the sweet soft works of nature, any more than the naked flint nurses flowers. The beauty of the young May twilight flowing through the woven wood, and harboring, like a blue bloom, here and there, in bays of verdure; while upward all the great trees reared their domes once more in summer roofage, and stopped out the heavens; while in among them, finding refuge, birds (before the dark fell on them) filled the world with melody; and all the hushing rustle of the well-earned night was settling down—through all of these rode Mr. Sharp, without thinking once of one of them.

Presently his horse gave a little turn of head, but was too cowed down to shy again; and a tall woman darkly clad was standing by the timber track with one hand up to catch his eyes.

"You here, Cinnaminta!" cried the lawyer, with surprise. "I have no time now. What do you want with me?"

"I want you to see the work of your hand—your only child, dead by your own blow."

Struck with cold horror, he could not speak. But he reeled in the saddle, with his hand on his heart, and stared at Cinnaminta.

"It is true," she said, softly; "come here and see it. Even for you, Luke Sharp, I never could have wished a sight like this. You have ruined my life; you have made my people thieves; the loss of my children lies on you. But to see your only son murdered by yourself is too bad even for such as you."

"I never meant it—I never dreamed it—God is my witness that I never did. I thought his head was a great deal thicker."

Sneerer as he was, he meant no jest now. He simply spoke the earnest truth. In his passion he had struck men before, and knocked them down, with no great harm; he forgot his own fury in this one blow, and the weight of his heavily loaded whip.

"If you can not believe," she answered, sternly, supposing him to be jeering still, "you had better come here—he was a kind, good lad, good to me, and to my last child. I have made him look very nice. Will you come? or will you go and tell his mother?"

Luke Sharp looked at her in the same sort of way in which many of his victims had looked at him. Then he touched his horse gently, having had too much of rage, and allowed him to take his own choice of way.

The rising of the moon, to assuage the earth of all the long sun fever, the spread of dewy light, and quivering of the nerves of shadow, and then the soft, unfeatured beauty of the dim tranquillity, coming over Luke Sharp's road, or flitting on his face, what difference could they make to its white despair? He hated light, he loathed the shade, he scorned the meekness of the dapple, and he cursed the darkness.

Out of sight of the road, and yet within a level course of it, there lay, to his knowledge, a deep and quiet and seldom-troubled forest pool. This had long been in his mind, and coming to the foot-path now, he drew his bridle toward it.

The moon was here fenced out by trees and thickets of blackthorn and ivy hanging like a funeral pall. Except that here at the lip of darkness one broad beam of light stole in, and shivered on gray boles of willow, and quivered on black lustrous smoothness of contemptuous water.

To the verge of this water Luke Sharp rode, with his horse prepared for any thing. He swept with his keen eyes all the length of liquid darkness ebbing into blackness in the distance. And he spoke his last words—"This will do."

Then he drove his horse into the margin of the pool, till the water was up to the girths, and the broad beams of the moon shone over them. Here he drew both feet from the stirrup-irons, and sat on his saddle sideways, sluicing his crushed and burning foot, and watching the water drip from it. And then he carefully pulled from the holster the pistol that still was loaded, took care that the flint and the priming were right, and turning his horse that he might escape, while the man fell into deep water, steadfastly gazed at the moon, and laid the muzzle to his temple, justly careful that it should be, in the map of his head, the spot corresponding to that upon which he had struck his son.

A blaze lit up the forest pool, and a roar shook the pall of ivy; a heavy plash added to the treasures of the deep, and a little flotilla of white stuff began to sail about on the black water, in the commotion made by man and horse. When Mr. Sharp was an office boy, his name had been "Little Big-brains."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AT the recent meeting of Italian astronomers experiments were made by SECCHI, TACCHINI, RAYET, and DORNA to determine the difference between the diameter of the sun as determined by the spectroscope and by the method of meridian transits. From the observations of ten days the spectroscopic semi-diameter was *less* than the transit semi-diameter by 0.124", and *less* than the *Nautical Almanac* semi-diameter by 0.104". Atmospheric conditions were found to be influential in these determinations.

We learn from the *American Journal of Science* that M. TROUVELOT, the artist formerly employed at the Harvard College Observatory in making the series of astronomical engravings lately published under the direction of Professor WINLOCK, has completed the preparation of a series of pastel drawings of celestial objects, which are to be exhibited at the Centennial Exposition. Most of these are the results of careful study of the various objects by means of M. TROUVELOT'S 6¼-inch refractor, but he has occasionally made studies with the large telescopes of the Harvard College and Washington observatories by invitation of the directors of these institutions. The drawings are on a large scale, each being about two by two and one-half feet, and comprise representations in form and color of the nebulæ of Orion, Andromeda, Lyra, Sagittarius, the Dumbbell, and others, of several clusters, of COGGIA'S comet, of Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, as well as many studies of sun spots, faculæ, and prominences.

Studies have been also made by M. TROUVELOT of the Milky Way, and after over a year of labor this has been drawn by him in two sheets, great attention having been paid to the various patches of light and their relation to the neighboring stars. The zodiacal light has been studied in the same way, as well as a remarkable aurora borealis.

M. TROUVELOT has also given a representation of the meteor tracks observed on the night of November 13, 1869.

These drawings are the result of many months of labor, which had to be done in the intervals of other and professional duties. They are not only valuable in a scientific point of view as evidence as to the present state of the objects portrayed, but they are to be made available for educational purposes in an atlas which M. TROUVELOT proposes to publish after their exhibition at Philadelphia.

Signor SEVERINO GRATTONI, the Italian engineer who superintended the construction of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, has recently deceased.

The report on the maritime fisheries of France for the year 1874 has just been published, showing that their general value amounted to about 73,000,000 francs, being nearly six and a half millions less than in 1873.

So far as the cod are concerned, there was a larger yield than before, although there was a reduction of twenty-five in the number of vessels in the fishing fleet. The herring fishery was much inferior, nearly half of the general deficit relating to this fish. Among the causes of this decrease are named, first, a diminished demand for the fish; second, the later period at which the vessels started out for the fisheries; and third, the abundance of fruit in the maritime districts, thus materially reducing the use of the herring. This decreased demand is considered a circumstance to be regretted, certain establishments which formerly consumed large quantities of herring now dispensing with them, especially in Alsace and Lorraine. There is no reason to believe that the fish have become any scarcer, nor that the means at the command of the fishermen are insufficient to secure a much larger yield; in fact, the use of cotton for nets instead of hemp, and improved apparatus generally, allows a greatly increased percentage of captures in proportion to the number of men.

Improved methods in the preparation of the herring are now strongly urged, so that an increasing demand may be secured, and thus an important industry be maintained at its utmost development.

The sardine fishery of 1874 was also much less than that of previous years; this in consequence of the diminished numbers on the coast.

Much satisfaction is expressed in the official report at the improvement in the department of oyster culture, the production of Arcachon alone being nearly 82,000,000, or nearly double that of 1873, with a corresponding reduction of nearly one-half in price.

The actual number of men employed in 1874 in the fisheries amounted to 67,029, and of vessels of all kinds to 20,399, with an aggregate of 102,083 tons.

M. BALARD, a member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, and Professor of Chemistry at the Sorbonne, died in Paris not long ago, at the age of seventy-four. This gentleman was especially known as one of the representatives of France at most of the European International Expositions.

Dr. J. A. C. OUDEMANS, chief of the party sent by the Amsterdam Academy of Sciences to observe the transit of Venus at the island of Reunion, discusses the various methods of observation with the heliometer. The method prescribed by the German Transit-of-Venus Commission was to measure the distances of the borders of Venus from those points of the sun's limb which were nearest to and farthest from Venus. OPPOLZER proposed, instead of using the above method, to measure the distances of Venus from the sun's limb along two lines perpendicular to each other, and inclined at angles of forty-five degrees to the line joining the centres of the sun and planet. OUDEMANS proposes to make measures along lines so chosen that in the equations of condition to be formed from the measures the parallax will enter with the largest co-efficient. Such a method was actually used by him at his station.

Among the new trustees of the British Museum, recently elected, we find the name of Lord WALSINGHAM, a gentleman well known in this country from his visits a few years ago for the purpose of studying the minute butterflies and moths of North America.

The return of Lieutenant CAMERON to England after his long absence in Africa was made the occasion of a demonstration, on the 11th of April last, by the Royal Geographical Society of London. Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, in referring to what had been accomplished, thought the observations made, both of an astronomical and physical character, were of very great value, being astonishingly numerous, elaborate, and accurate. It is thought that it will be possible to have a definite line laid down from one sea to the other across twenty degrees of longitude, which will serve as a fixed mathematical basis of all future geographical explorations of Equatorial Africa.

Among the minor objects achieved by Lieutenant CAMERON are his circumnavigation of Lake Tanganyika, and the discovery of the outlet whereby that lake is discharged into the river Lualaba. Although the identity is not absolute, yet it is satisfactorily shown that the Lualaba and the Congo must be one and the same. He also found a new river system between the valley of the Lolame and the scene of Dr. LIVINGSTONE'S discoveries, this consisting of a large

river running through a series of lakes, which, he believes, forms the course of the true Lualaba. Five thousand observations were made in regard to latitude, longitude, and elevation, as many as 130 lunar observations being taken on one single spot. The gold medal of the Society was awarded on this occasion to Lieutenant CAMERON.

It is understood that the German African Society will make another attempt to explore Central Africa from the west coast, under the direction of the African traveler Herr MOHR.

If the succeeding numbers of the Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club prove to contain as much original matter as the first one, just issued, for 1876, it will constitute a very desirable addition to serial zoological literature. The club in question is composed of a number of young ornithologists in Cambridge and vicinity, chief among them being Mr. WILLIAM BREWSTER, C. J. MAYNARD, H. W. HENSHAW, Mr. RUTHVEN DEANE, and others. Their labors have already added greatly to the knowledge of the history and character of the American birds.

The most important article in the papers is one illustrated by an excellent plate, by Mr. BREWSTER, describing a new species of the genus *Helminthophaga*, having marked peculiarities distinguishing it from the other species.

Mr. MAYNARD announces the occurrence of the common buzzard hawk (*Buteo vulgaris*) in Michigan, the first authentic case of its occurrence in the United States.

A paper by Mr. DEANE on Albinism and Melanism among North American Birds contains some noteworthy points.

Two new minerals have been announced by Professor VON LASAULX, of Breslau. The complete descriptions have yet to be given. One of these minerals is called *Melanophlogite*, the name having reference to what is regarded as one of its distinctive characters, that of turning black upon ignition. It occurs in minute cubes upon sulphur from Girgenti, in Sicily. Sometimes a thin incrustation of quartz covers the crystals of sulphur, and upon this rests the new mineral. Its chemical composition is still uncertain, but it is supposed to be a hydrated silica. The material examined contained also some iron and lime, but probably only as impurities.

The second new mineral referred to has received the name *Ærinite*. It is an essentially iron silicate, and occurs in masses with a scaly structure. Its only decided character is its blue color, to which it owes its name. The locality is uncertain, though the specimen examined purported to be "from Spain."

The most recent conclusions by DUMAS in regard to the subject of the phylloxera, or grape-vine louse, and its remedies are as follows: 1, sulpho-carbonate of potassium is a rapid insecticide, the only one which surely destroys the insect at the roots and also supplies to the vine a strong reconstituent element; 2, sulpho-carbonate of sodium offers the same advantages, used only as insecticide; 3, sulpho-carbonate of barium, being anhydrous and little soluble, is recommended for its resistance to the action of oxygen and of carbonic acid, so that it is a poison less prompt, but more durable in effect; with regard to the winter eggs, 4, the heavy oil of gas-tar, and especially the oil called *anthracene*, seems to be best for washing the stocks and destroying the eggs; 5, the treatment with tar for the stocks and sulpho-carbonates for the roots should be effected especially in February and March.

The generally accepted theory of the cooking of meat relates to the application of heat; but quite recently Dr. SAWICZEVOSKY has called attention to the fact that almost precisely the same chemical and physical changes can be accomplished by the exposure of animal flesh to extreme cold. Indeed, the sensation experienced by touching freezing mercury is very much that of a severe burn. The experimenter referred to proposes to apply his method to the preservation of meats, first by subjecting them to a temperature of 33° F. below zero, and then sealing them up hermetically in tin vessels. Animal substances, kept for a long time in these boxes, on examination proved to be extremely palatable, and being partially cooked, required but a little additional heat to prepare them for the table.

The German government has lately been prosecuting investigations into this process as a means of preparing military and naval supplies, a large quantity suitably sealed being placed on board some vessels undertaking a long voyage, with a view of determining more definitely its availability for the purpose referred to. An establishment in Hungary is now engaged in the preparation of meats by this method on an extensive scale.

Dr. LANDER BRUNTON, in a summary of a memoir before the Medical Society of London in regard to the physiological action of alcohol, states that in small quantity it increases the secretions of the gastric juice, and thus aids digestion. However unnecessary this may be in health, it is useful for the feeble and debilitated. Second, it increases the force and frequency of the pulse. Third, a large dose diminishes digestion by the too great irritation of the stomach. Fourth, it is capable of producing death by reflex action. Fifth, after absorption in the blood it diminishes the power of oxidizing the red globules of the blood. This is useful in lowering the temperature; but when this is done suddenly or very frequently, it causes an accumulation of fat and a fatty degeneration of the organs. Sixth, it undergoes a sort of combustion in the organism, and maintains the increase of weight of the body. In this respect it may be considered as a food. Seventh, if taken in large doses, a portion is excreted in an unaltered condition. Eighth, it dilates the blood-vessels, increasing the force and frequency of pulsations of the heart by its action on the central nerves, and facilitates intellectual and physical action. It does not give any greater power, but renders a man capable of keeping more energy in reserve. It can thus furnish assistance to effort of short duration, but not for prolonged exercise. Ninth, it has the same effect upon the heart; but in disease alcohol frequently relaxes the pulsations of this organ instead of accelerating them, thus economizing the energy instead of wasting it. Tenth, in dilating the vessels of the skin, alcohol cools the surface at the expense of the internal organs. It is thus injurious when taken during exposure, but after such exposure it is useful as tending to prevent the congestion of the internal organs. Eleventh, the symptoms of intoxication are due to a paralysis of the nervous system; the brain and the cerebellum are first affected, then the protuberance, and finally the medulla oblongata. Death by alcohol is generally caused by paralysis of the medulla.

The question of the probable success of a first-class zoological garden in the city of New York, whether established in the Central Park or elsewhere, is illustrated by the experiences of the Zoological Gardens of Philadelphia, of which the Fourth Annual Report has just been published. On the 1st of March, 1876, the total number of members of the society amounted to 972, and of loan-holders, to 412. The total receipts for the year from visitors, from March 1, 1875, to March 1, 1876, were $87,984; the average daily admissions were 1150, and the average daily receipts $241 05. The greatest number of visitors on any one day was 11,245, July 5, 1875, when the receipts were $2497 88. The total funded investment of the society March 1, 1876, was $243,511. Large as these figures seem to be, there is no doubt that the next annual report will show a very much larger income, in view of the close proximity of the Gardens to the Centennial grounds.

The total receipts for the fiscal year ending March 1, 1876, were $94,120, the expenses $67,905, leaving the balance of income account $26,214. This is nearly if not quite equal to the income from the admissions to the Zoological Gardens in London; and when we consider that at the present time the value of the animals, 919 in number, is estimated at $50,000, apart from the value of the buildings and improvements of the grounds, we may well congratulate the society on the rapid strides made in the short space of four years, which, if continued at the same rate, will before long carry the Gardens to the very foremost rank among similar institutions throughout the world.

The officers of the society for the coming year are Dr. WILLIAM CAMAC, president, and Dr. JOHN L. LECONTE, corresponding secretary.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for a public exhibition during the coming summer of the art treasures belonging to private individuals in New York city. At a recent meeting the matter was fully discussed by prominent gentlemen of the city, and an executive committee appointed to superintend the exhibition. The owners of fine paintings who have been invited to assist in this movement have almost universally responded favorably. It is proposed to have the paintings exhibited in the Academy of Design and in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. A small admission fee will probably be charged, and any balance which may remain after expenses are paid will be devoted to the uses of the Academy and the Museum. The chief object of this enterprise, however, is not, as we understand it, to raise money, but rather to make the city attractive to artistic people during the summer, and to show what advancement the metropolis of America has made in fine arts.

With the coming of warm weather, preparations are made for opening the public baths belonging to the city, one of which is at the foot of Eleventh Street, North River, and the other at the foot of Fifth Street, East River. During the winter these baths have been moored off Gowanus Bay, Brooklyn, for protection from the ice. During the last session of the Legislature $60,000 were appropriated for the construction of four new baths. The Commissioner of Public Works has arranged for the construction of these baths, which will be located at Grand Street and East River, Twenty-third Street and East River, Twenty-third Street and North River, and on the East River not above Thirty-fourth Street. Half a dozen public baths is certainly not an excessive number for this great city.

Five hundred bicyclists recently assembled in Bushey Park, London, for a "grand meet." Most of them were young men, but there were also some who might claim to be venerable. England now boasts of sixty-eight bicycle clubs. It is estimated that there are two thousand members of clubs outside of London, besides about eight thousand riders not connected with any organized society. The art has many distinguished patrons. A manufacturing firm at Coventry turns out more than a hundred machines every week. These machines are very beautifully made, and are perfectly noiseless, except for the little tinkling bell which announces the rider's approach.

Experiments testing the practical working of Lay's movable torpedo, which have been conducted at the Washington Navy-yard, proved wholly successful, the movements of the torpedo being perfectly controlled by the operator through an electric cable. A board of naval officers approved of the torpedo as "a valuable implement of warfare," and pronounced it the "best movable torpedo known."

Seldom has a fair met with such success as one which was recently held in Baltimore in aid of a Catholic charity. Nearly $40,000 was realized in two days. One gentleman gave $5000 for an afghan, and another $2000 for an album containing the photographs of the prettiest young ladies in Baltimore.

The wax figures displayed at the Centennial by Norway and Sweden are so wonderfully life-like as actually to deceive some of the unsuspecting visitors. One military figure so impressed the mind of an old lady that not until she had touched the cold wax hand would she believe it was not alive. A smart young woman passing the Swedish department pointed to the same figure, and was heard to say, in an under-tone, to a companion, "La, Mary, just look there! he thinks he's awful nice, don't he?" Another, after a careful inspection, exclaimed, "I declare I never did see such life-like *sculpature!*"

Where is the delightful spot? According to advertisements, more than fifty watering-places in this country are situated in the "Switzerland of America." This really is puzzling to the traveler.

Good theories, whether in religious, moral, or physical matters, are quite independent of good practice in the same, as is often proved. It is a rather remarkable fact, however, that one so well versed in sanitary laws as Dr. William W. Hall, and who so persistently urged the observance of them upon others, should have died through violation of the very precepts he inculcated. He had greatly overworked himself for some years past, rising early, and sitting up late, until suddenly he one day fell dead in the street. His disease—degeneration of the heart—is regarded now as a frequent result of an overtaxed brain. And yet few, perhaps, better understand the physical consequences of mental overwork than did Dr. Hall himself. Knowledge is not always power in this respect.

Official reports state that there are 84,200 buildings in New York city. There are 198 houses arranged as "French flats," 172 hotels, 66 hospitals and asylums, 28 theatres, and 11 markets. The number of dwelling-houses is 67,156. The annual average number of new buildings for the last twelve years is 1585.

The Théâtre des Arts at Rouen was recently burned. Ten or twelve lives were lost, and many persons seriously injured. The catastrophe had been predicted, or rather a worse one, as all the exits were so narrow that escape would be almost impossible in case of a panic. Fortunately this fire caught half an hour before the doors were opened for an evening performance. Had it occurred an hour later, the loss of life must have been terrific.

Lord Byron's statue is to be in Sicilian marble, and an effort will be made to obtain permission to erect it in Green Park, facing the house in Piccadilly in which the poet lived for years, and where he wrote some of his earlier poems.

In commenting on the buildings erected by each State on the Exhibition grounds, the *Christian Weekly* says: "The New York house is the prettiest; the New Jersey house is the ugliest; the Japanese house is the oddest; the English house is the biggest; Ohio's house is the most substantial. Ohio builds hers of her own stone; it looks as though New Jersey built hers of her own red mud."

A terrible case of hydrophobia recently occurred in Newark, New Jersey. A whole family, numbering five persons, were bitten by a Spitz dog, which was a great pet with the children. A few weeks ago the dog disappeared from his home, but returned after a few days' absence, and it was noticed that he acted in a singular manner, snapping at every one who approached him. Before it was supposed he was rabid, all the family were bitten. The eldest daughter, about twelve years old, died in a few days in great distress. The wounds of the others were cauterized.

It seems almost incredible that any of the beautiful objects at the Exhibition should be wantonly injured by malicious persons. But such appears to have been the case. The "Centennial Guards" should be increased in number, and be made more vigilant.

The unfortunate ex-Empress Carlotta can no longer recognize her nearest relatives, and the visits of any persons except her regular attendants greatly irritate her. Her lucid intervals are very brief.

The bunting displayed in Philadelphia is thus classified: gonfalons, oriflammes, banners, bannerets, jacks, signals, and streamers.

Spain is threatened with a terrible visitation of locusts this year. For several years past they have made their appearance, first in small numbers, and then in increasing quantities, and now there are indications that the plague will assume disastrous proportions.

An exchange has the following item:

"'Loafers' corner' is now applied to the southwest corner of Fulton and South streets. At least two policemen, two horse-car drivers, one horse-car starter, two news-girls, and half a dozen noisy and profane boot-blacks obstruct this thoroughfare at that point daily, greatly to the annoyance of the thousands passing over Fulton Ferry."

There are numerous other "loafers' corners" not only in this city, but in other cities, and in towns and villages of which we have remembrance. The vicinity of a court-house or a post-office is a favorite loafing place, where lazy men, with hands in pockets, may be seen staring at the passers-by at any time of day.

A good story is told how an "autograph lady" of San Francisco obtained the signature of Dom Pedro. While the Emperor was at the Palace Hotel in that city, she repaired thither, ascertained which were the Brazilian apartments, and presented herself to his Majesty's secretary, stating her desire.

"It will be necessary for the lady to reduce her request to writing," said the secretary. And she quickly wrote the following note:

"Will the Emperor of Brazil have the kindness to give his autograph to an American lady—one who admires the quiet dignity of a great monarch in our dear republic?"

The secretary took the note and disappeared. But the lady was astonished when he presently returned and announced "His Majesty the Emperor of Brazil." The sequel is thus related by a California newspaper:

"His Majesty turned upon her a fine pair of natural Brazilian pebbles and bowed. The lady bowed. His Majesty also was pleased to extend his majestic hand, much in the approved fashion of a well-bred gentleman taking the hand of a well-bred lady, and says he, in the kindest and most gracious manner,

"'Miss ——, you would like my autograph?'

"'If you please, your Majesty,' says she.

"Without further ado the Emperor deposited his stalwart body in a chair and dashed off his signature, 'Dom Pedro d'Alcantara,' and handing the autograph to the delighted visitor, bowed graciously, and withdrew."

The following brief rules for prompt action in case of accident are given by Professor Wilder, of Cornell University:

"For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing; dash cold water in them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead-pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear. If an artery is cut, compress it above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress it below. If choked, go upon all fours and cough. For slight burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish. For apoplexy, raise the head and body. For fainting, lay the person flat."

The free use of celery is more beneficial than is generally supposed. It is specially recommended for nervous affections and palpitation of the heart. One writer says that every body engaged in labor weakening to the nerves should use celery daily in the season, and onions in its stead when not in season. Celery is also excellent for canary-birds. Their nerves are delicate, they are easily frightened, and the relish with which they eat celery indicates that it is useful for them. Nowadays we have extract of celery seed as a tonic, and recently a nourishing beverage is sold consisting of hot extracts of celery mixed with Liebig's condensed beef. This is called "ox celery."

Paris cabs are hereafter to be furnished with skylights, in order that the occupants may be able to read the papers more comfortably.

Speed in railway travel differs in different countries. In England a train must accomplish a mile a minute to be called a "quick train," and efforts are being made to increase even this rate. In this country forty miles an hour is regarded as a very rapid rate, but our roads are not as favorable as the English for a high rate, by reason of more frequent inclines and ascents. In Germany, official reports last winter showed that the greatest speed per hour, including stops at intermediate stations, for express trains was thirty-four miles; for ordinary passenger trains, twenty-five miles. The slowest speed for express trains was twenty-one miles; for ordinary trains, sixteen miles. The average speed for express trains was twenty-eight miles; for ordinary trains, twenty-one miles.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A COUPLE ran off to get married, and came back to the bride's house, where she humbly sued for the forgiveness of her father, kneeling at his feet, all tears. "Forgive, forgive me, dearest father!" sobbed the lovely suppliant. "Forgive you!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "why, I am only too glad to get rid of you. Your ill temper and idleness have been the plague of my life, and make your marriage no loss to me, my dear child. So take her," added the old gentleman, generously, addressing the happy man; "and may you be happy!"

In a French translation of Shakspeare, the passage, "Frailty, thy name is woman," is translated, "Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady."

A SEEDY OCCUPATION—The florist's.

"John," said a fond little wife, enthusiastically, pointing out to her husband a little shop in a fashionable street, "when you die, I'm going to take the life-insurance money and buy that little place, and set up as a milliner."

A certain eminent physician, being invited to a dinner party, arrived at the house of his host at a somewhat earlier hour than had been named as the dinner hour. He accordingly strolled out of the house into a church-yard which was hard by. When dinner was announced, the doctor was absent, and an inquiry was made as to where he was. "Oh," said one of the guests, who had seen him in the church-yard, "he is paying a visit to some of his old patients."

INALIENABLE RIGHTS.—A girl in Yorkshire is named Happiness Quinn, and half the young men in the neighborhood wear black eyes for indulging in certain inalienable rights, among which are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."

A man coming home one night rather late, a little more than "half-seas-over," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end of the thread catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began to pull at the end; and the little ball unwinding, he soon had several yards of thread in his hand, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Wife! wife! I say, wife, come here! I am all unraveling."

In the window of a shop in an obscure part of London is this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject."

At a recent exhibition of paintings, a lady and her son were regarding with much interest a picture which the catalogue designated as "Luther at the Diet of Worms." Having descanted at some length upon its merits, the boy remarked, "Mother, I see Luther and the table, but where are the worms?"

"Mamma," said little Nell, "ought governess to flog me for what I've not done?" "No, my dear; why do you ask?" "'Cause she flogged me to-day when I didn't do my sum."

Horace Walpole said this was the worst—that is, the best—bull he ever read: "I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at a person who had been his nurse—"I hate her; for when I was a child she changed me at nurse." This was indeed a perplexing assertion; but we have a similar instance recorded in the autobiography of an Irishman, who gravely informs us that he "ran away early in life from his father, on discovering he was only his uncle."

A BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT—A carpenter's shop.

"Isn't your husband a little bald?" inquired one lady of another. "There isn't a bald hair on his head," indignantly replied the lady.

"Harry, give me a bite of your apple," said one little fellow to another. "No," refused Harry, eating away rapidly. "You wouldn't like this; it is a cooking apple—and I never give a fellow a bite of a cooking apple."

"Talking to her husband in a loud tone of voice" is punished by sending a Persian wife to jail for thirty days.

It was in the old days of stage-coaches, and one of those huge lumbering vehicles was plowing its way in a driving rain-storm, filled inside and outside with passengers. Among the number of the more fortunate insiders was a respectable bald-headed old gentleman, who seemed to be very solicitous about a lady riding on the roof. Every few minutes he popped out his head, regardless of the rain, and shouted to some one above, "Well, how is she now?" And the answer came, "All right." "Is she getting wet?" inquired the old man. "No, not much," was the reply. "Well, can't you put something round her? 'Twill never do to have her get wet, you know." "We've got every thing round her we can get." "Haven't you got an old coat or a rug?" "No, not a rag more." A sympathetic young man, hearing all this, and feeling alarmed for the poor lady out in the storm, inquired of the old gentleman why they didn't let her ride inside, and not out on the roof. "Bless you, there ain't room," exclaimed the old man. "Not room! Why, I'll give her my place. It's too bad." "Not at all, Sir, not at all. We couldn't get her into the coach anyhow." Amazed at her prodigious dimensions, the kind young man said, "Well, Sir, if my coat would be of any service, she may have it;" and suiting the action to the word, he took off that garment and handed it to the old gentleman. "It's almost a pity, Sir, to get your overcoat wet; but—" "Not at all, Sir—by no means. Pass it up to her." The coat was accordingly passed up. "How'll that do for her?" asked the old gentleman. "Tip-top! Just the ticket! All right now." Thus relieved, no further anxiety was manifested about the outside passenger till the coach arrived at the inn, when what was the sympathetic and gallant young man's surprise and indignation to find that his nice coat had been wrapped around, not a fair lady of unusual proportions, but a double-bass viol!

THE CENTENNIAL—PHILADELPHIA, FROM THE WEST END OF CALLOWHILL

[...]ILL STREET BRIDGE.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 472.]

## THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.

ON page 464 will be found the portrait of Mr. J. DONALD CAMERON, the new Secretary of War in place of Judge TAFT. Mr. CAMERON is the eldest son of the Hon. SIMON CAMERON, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, and is about forty-two years of age. He was educated for a business life, and has been president of various banking houses in Harrisburg and elsewhere. Mr. CAMERON has also been interested in railway enterprises, and was for some time president of the Northern Central Railroad, in the management of which he displayed marked executive ability.

## A LOVERS' QUARREL.

I.

You will find, inclosed with this note of mine,
Your letters and gifts in their order set:
I have kept, as you see, not a single line
To recall what I now would fain forget.
Your picture—I never liked the pose—
The ring and chain, and the rest, you know,
I have placed with care, for, indeed, who knows
But another will prize— Well, let it go!
So snaps in a moment the chain that bound.
Oh, better, no doubt, to end it thus
Than find, too late, as we must have found,
That chance alone had united us.
You can throw, if you choose, the blame on me,
As is always comforts a man to do:
No matter; enough if *I* can see
That the fault of our quarrel rests with *you*.
Let us never meet—it is better so;
For, after all, being only human,
I feel to the heart—not angry, no,
Not angry, but still—an injured woman.
P.S.—On the whole, as our letters *might*
Stray to some other than you and me,
*For just this once* I will meet you to-night,
At the usual time, by the sycamore-tree.

II.

I send you here, together with this,
Your letters you asked for back again,
And pardon it if a luckless kiss
Has blotted the pages now and then.
The curl of your hair, the glove you wore,
The mignonette—take back the whole,
And with them the faith that once I bore,
The love and trust of a man's whole soul.
The Past—is there aught remains behind?
The Future—what hope have you left me there?
If I go to the deuce— But never mind!
I scorn to threaten, to rave and swear.
No, no, be happy, as women will
Before the kiss on their lips is cold
That pledges them to another, still
In the new love lightly forgetting the old.
Yes, all is over between us now—
I never shall look on your face again;
So go your way with your broken vow,
And think no more of—a desperate man.
P.S.—In order that you may see
I have kept back nothing, not even a flower,
On second thoughts, to the sycamore-tree
I will bring them myself, at the usual hour.

III.

They have met to utter their last good-byes:
And there by the sycamore-tree they stand,
Gazing each in the other's eyes,
Holding each to the other's hand.
The letters lie on the mossy seat—
Ring and picture, and curl and glove;
While the doubly perjured lips repeat
The oft-told tale of changeless love;
And over their heads the star of even
Twinkles down through the sycamore boughs,
Laughing, perchance, as the hosts of heaven
May laugh, to listen to lovers' vows.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

## "DOROTHY'S DOOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CALDERWOOD SECRET."

### I.—IN WHICH THE PORTAL IS APPROACHED.

JOHN MATHEWS, encumbered with his mother's wraps and a camp-stool, was nevertheless made aware by a subtle consciousness that he had neighbors. The young man liked warmth, color, light, and perfume just in proportion as life had yielded him few of these luxuries, and the picture presented to view was certainly a pretty one. The door of cabin No. 49 was open, revealing the box-like interior to John Mathews's casual glance. A young lady of graceful, elegant figure stood beside the port-hole, which framed a tiny marine view of glancing waves, and the pilot's boat skimming past like a sea-bird with white wings unfurled to the breeze, and a girl was seated beyond, placing crimson roses in the marble basin. A ray of light, intensified by the reflection of the blue sea below, fell on the glossy black hair of the former girl, and thence on the rippling brown tresses of her companion as the latter sat sorting her wealth of roses.

"I like black hair best," thought John, and stumbled on with his burden, just in time to receive a peevish reprimand from his mother both for his awkwardness and the delay.

"Did you know, Margaret, that shipboard is the greatest possible field for flirtation?" observed the girl with the roses, glancing at herself in a little mirror, and holding a creamy bud to her lips.

"Of course," replied Margaret, languidly, and turning a profile to the light as perfect as those of the antique cameos.

"I dare say you will have a dozen offers before we reach Liverpool," pursued the younger girl, with kindling animation—"that is, if you are not seasick."

Margaret linked her fair hands together, and studied them reflectively.

"I may have one, you silly little thing," she said, with the conscious superiority of the beauty of the family. "Sidney Haughton is a fellow-passenger, Dolly."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Dorothy, pricking herself smartly with a thorn, astonished blue eyes gazing up into the calm dark ones of her sister. "Did you know? Can any one make a coincidence out of that? I mean—oh, Maggy!"

"He is much the best match I am ever likely to command; and if he asks me, I shall say yes," returned Margaret, extending one slender foot, as if she already trod the path marked out by her own pride.

"I never saw such a girl in my life," cried impetuous Dolly. "Why, he is forty years old if he is a day, and fat, and with an ugly little bald spot on the top of his head! Ugh! you mercenary creature!"

"Cela m'est égal," said Margaret, coolly.

As it happened, Mr. Sidney Haughton, subject of such candid criticism, was distant not more than twenty inches, in an adjoining cabin, divided by a very thin partition.

"Pleasant!" he reflected, with an involuntary grimace at himself in the mirror. "Confound these Verney girls! I am to marry Miss Margaret because I am a good match, and the little puss finds me too fat for her standard of masculine beauty. No doubt she is still in the Byronic school-girl vein."

Mr. Haughton thought about the matter a moment, and then, being both a gentleman and a philosopher, went on deck to avoid eavesdropping.

In the mean while Mrs. Mathews had located herself with reference to a good point of vantage, and had drawn about her the best of every thing, through that sweetly unconscious selfishness which had well-nigh sapped the existence of her son, at least. She was a pretty, faded woman, into whose cheeks a delicate bloom still came softly beneath a man's glance, with her widow's weeds worn becomingly, and a diamond ring twinkling on one of her plump, fair hands. Not that Mrs. Mathews was rich; her wifehood and widowhood had known many phases of shabbiness; but she shed care from her plumage, and there were infantile dimples lingering about her mouth, while the brow of her son John already wore a deep line not earned by his years, for the mantle of John's father—the grave, care-worn professor of an obscure college—had descended on his shoulders, and the clinging nature of Mrs. Mathews, sundered from her natural support, had so twined about her child from infancy that he had leisure for little else than to minister to her wants. He had never been permitted to forget for a moment that he was the only son of his mother.

Already on board the steam-ship *Galatea* the ladies, observing John's filial devotion, pronounced him a model young man. Mr. Verney, uncle of the young ladies below, observed, "He might make a man some day if he were not tied to his mother's apron strings"—a remark which was kindly repeated to Mrs. Mathews by her roommate, and caused John to glare at the unconscious Mr. Verney the next time he met him, while his mother took to observing the gentleman through her eyelashes pensively. When Mr. Sidney Haughton, club man and yachtsman, summed up by that logical young lady, Margaret Verney, in the cabin below, as the best match she was ever likely to command, came on deck, Mrs. Mathews, with that pretty glow on her cheeks, was listening to Mr. Verney as he expounded certain matters concerning navigation. Mr. Verney was elderly, a trifle prim, with the sharp chin and sallow complexion of a dyspeptic, and the crisp manner not inseparable from that malady. Mr. Verney was fond of laying down the law, of commanding respectful listeners. The freshness of the voyage stirred the current of his blood. There was flattery in the earnest upward glance of Mrs. Mathews.

"Perhaps the woman is not such a fool as she looks," the elderly dyspeptic was reflecting, when Mr. Haughton joined him, still wearing a satirical smile about his lips.

All the rush and turmoil of departure had ceased; the July sky was cloudless; land was fading. "Sailed—the steam-ship *Galatea*, July 5, with two hundred cabin passengers." How heedlessly the eye of the casual newspaper reader glanced over the familiar lines! How important the event actually was to the two hundred and their world! It was the old story over and over again, forever new to fresh participants. For hours the midsummer sun had poured down intense heat on crowded wharves, the dirty streets adjacent, and a surging mass of vehicles. For hours a procession of floral offerings had ascended the plank, borne by harassed stewards; steam had hissed in expectant boilers; polished brass and iron glittered before dazzled eyes; indescribable odors been wafted from the city. Mr. Sidney Haughton's friends had gathered to make final bets with him on Goodwood or Chantilly; mothers had sobbed over departing daughters; children had lost themselves in labyrinths of trunks and baskets, and wailed for their natural protectors. Then the bells had rung; the gold band of the captain's cap become visible on the upper deck; fervent promises to write from Queenstown had passed from ship to shore; the first surge of a majestic vessel from her moorings met with a responsive cheer from the fringe of humanity on the pier. The deep azure of the river, framed in distant hills, had met the untroubled blue of the bay; city roofs had faded to spires and a network of masts, with the two daughter cities lying in the full radiance of the afternoon sunshine; Staten Island had rested on the calm waters, a fairy realm shrouded in a mantle of emerald-green foliage; farther on the Jersey shore, touched by the magic wand of the summer day, had become a mirage of golden sands barred by glistening crystal pools.

Silence had crept over the ship's company for a space, as the banks glided past quietly, and without the shock of a rude transition. Then some glittering object on the horizon had flashed in the sun's declining rays like an expiring beacon; the soft breeze had wafted a last fragrance of home in the mingled breath of field and garden; the bluff old pilot had stepped over the side with his pleasant formula of good wishes for the voyage; the little steamer, adorned with flags and vocal with the spasmodic exertions of a band, which had followed the stately *Galatea* like an admiring satellite, had dropped astern; and there remained only the open sea.

Mrs. Mathews sat and listened to the conversation of Mr. Verney, an expression of ingenuous simplicity on her baby face; John stood behind her camp-chair, holding her umbrella at a suitable angle; Sidney Haughton had strolled to the bulwark and lighted a cigar. Just when the sun made a golden pathway across the waters from the cloud ramparts of purple and amber in the west, the two Verney girls emerged into this dazzling radiance, Margaret with a mist of wool over her black hair, Dolly with a little hat perched nearly on the bridge of a charming *nez retroussé*. Mr. Sidney Haughton removed his cigar from his lips, and scanned Margaret with a keen and wholly new criticism.

"Youthful innocence is pleasant in this wicked world," thought the "best match." "I wonder if I shall propose?"

Mrs. Mathews plucked her son's sleeve impatiently.

"John, you are pushing my bonnet awry with the umbrella handle."

"I beg your pardon, mother," said John, awkwardly.

A fair face had turned toward him in the sunset, crowned by the saucy little hat that seventeen only may wear, and the glory of the day touched the bright waving hair, the smooth cheek, and dwelt in the depths of wondering blue eyes.

So the *Galatea* swept on to the wide realm of the Unknown.

### II.—IN WHICH THE DOOR OPENS.

A dull gray sky above, and stretches of green meadow, divided by trim hedges, flying past the train. Now the softly undulating line of upland swept into hills with narrow valleys between, spanned by arched bridges, and little silvery rivers gleaming far below; now a factory town became visible, the intrusion of industry on calm nature, rows of brick houses huddled together, clothes drying in sooty yards, and tall chimneys sending forth a filmy smoke that streamed up and mingled with the weeping clouds.

Mrs. Mathews sat opposite her son in the railway carriage, and found him a dull companion.

"How cross you are! Why can you not speak?" she said, peevishly, more than once.

John was at odds with himself and the world on this particular morning. He was inexpressibly glad to escape from shipboard, in one sense, and miserably disappointed in another. Of all the little silken threads rolled off by the Fates, there had been one rainbow strand for John, which had now slipped through his fingers with a painful sense of loss. In the raw mist of early morning he had held a small hand a moment in his own, and had said, stiffly,

"Probably we shall never meet again."

And Dolly Verney had replied, airily, "Very likely we shall not. Good-by, Mr. Mathews, and a pleasant journey to you."

All was so different with Sidney Haughton, assured and indolently satisfied, with Margaret Verney by his side, his acknowledged *fiancée*. Opportunity had brought about this happy consummation—sunny mornings on the upper deck watching the sea-gulls wheel overhead; long twilights in sheltered nooks, where voices might be lowered and propinquity suggest mutual confidence. Margaret was to tread the path of her own choosing, and Mr. Haughton had decided to make her the head of his establishment. But there had also been stolen moments, indulged in with a guilty sense of delight, when John Mathews told sympathetic young Dorothy of his hopes for an artist's career, although he did not add that his mother had insisted on sharing his journey for the sake of her health, thereby considerably cramping his slender purse. Perhaps Mr. Verney was expounding to the widow the relative merits of Aix-les-Bains and Vichy on the other side of the bridge, or the young people might have withdrawn behind the smoke-stack on such occasions.

The remembrance was sweet, yet Dolly was not always sympathetic. She often confused, irritated, and bewildered grave, rather priggish, John, who believed in his mother and himself. Never before had the mirror of reflection been flashed in his face by a girl. Dolly observed him with a mocking smile as he fetched his mother's medicine after consulting his watch, and usually vanished before his return. Clearly here was a girl who laughed at him for performing his duty. John was amazed and disturbed by the spectacle.

Mrs. Mathews, seated in the railway carriage, noticed none of these things; her son's face, dark, moody, with straight brows meeting over his serious gray eyes, meant nothing more than a curious resemblance to her.

"How like his father he is growing, to be sure!" she thought, turning from her first glimpse of English sheep to her companion.

Poor John was thinking, half fiercely, half sorrowfully, of his parting for life with Dolly. Should he have said any thing? Did she care more than she revealed? What would the future bring but struggling poverty for him, and wealth and happiness for her? If he were a Mr. Sidney Haughton, born to the golden spoon, the case would be different. Poverty had never weighed on John heavily before, possibly because all his leisure had been devoted to art. Mrs. Mathews was proud of his talents, and extolled them on all occasions, but she did not mind detaining him at home when she was ill, and would by no means consent to his joining an evening class, which would have deprived her of his company.

"Ah, Mrs. Mathews, here we are!" said the crisp voice of Mr. Verney.

John had alighted as if in a dream. What was this? A rustic station, with Dolly Verney standing beneath the arch of brick and stone, the twitter of birds and the musical patter of rain-drops alone disturbing the country stillness, primrose scents in the air, and a cottage half buried in vines in the distance.

The flush of surprise in Dolly's fair cheek was reflected in John's.

"So you are going to Rowsley and Chatsworth. I am so glad—that is, lovers are bores."

"I am glad to see you again under any circumstances, Dolly," he whispered.

Dolly looked at the opposite grass bank, and swung her little Russia-leather bag irresolutely.

"Do you think that fellow has got his eye on Dorothy?" inquired Mr. Sidney Haughton.

"Impossible!" replied Margaret, haughtily, glancing around at the pair in the archway.

"Nevertheless, I bet on the widow for bagging your uncle, my love. Do you consider this meeting a coincidence? Not at all; it was cleverly managed by our elders."

"Uncle is not a fool," said Margaret, surveying Mrs. Mathews, in turn, from beneath supercilious, elevated eyebrows.

John, proud to a degree of sensitiveness, took umbrage at these critical glances, decided peremptorily on the Chatsworth Hotel when Mr. Verney selected the famous Peacock Inn, and dragged his mother off to an omnibus with scant ceremony.

"I really am ashamed of you. Of course I knew that the Verneys stopped at Rowsley," said Mrs. Mathews, plaintively.

"We need nothing from such great people," said John, biting his lips, that reaction of shame and misery again stealing over him.

"I don't know what you mean," responded Mrs. Mathews. "Your father held up his head with the best of the land, and as for *my* family—but I have always petted and spoiled you too much."

Sunshine pale and uncertain, with blue sky overhead, and the mist of a gathering shower already shrouding Derwent Valley, seen between slopes of greensward where plump sheep, mild-eyed cows and deer, velvet-brown, dappled, and gold-flecked, browse on the rich pasturage. Beyond the park gates, flanked by pretty lodges, a glimpse of the model village of Edensor clustered about the church, where lie the good Duke of Devonshire, and Sir Arthur Paxton of Crystal Palace renown; balcony, chimney, gable, and fretted cornice rising against a margin of fine old trees; gardens brimming over the low walls in a wealth of luxuriant bloom; purple, yellow, and pink blossoms starring the mantle of vines; sweetness every where loading the warm moist atmosphere; a quaint stairway curving up from uncapped balustrade, with a young girl in scarlet petticoat at the summit, and rosy English children playing below.

Margaret Verney is in her element; her eyes sparkle as she repeats to Sidney Haughton the story of famous "Bess of Hardwick," who was beautiful, discreet, and clever, four times wife, and rising from honor to honor, who built with royal hand guided by the warning of a fortune-teller—that when she ceased to raise walls she would die—and finally pined away when a great frost benumbed the labors of her masons.

"What a glorious woman!" says Miss Margaret, and quotes the commendation of Leviathan Hobbes:

"'What can more grateful or surprising be
Than gardens pend'lous on high mounts to see?
Within the midst of all the waters stand
Cesarian piles, built by a woman's hand.
Piles fit for kings to build and monarchs rear
In Cavandisian Lordships doe appear,
The petty products of a female's care;
But of famed great Shrewsbury's Countess this
The least of thousand commendations is.
To whom vast structures their foundations own,
Who got great wealth, with great and good renown.'"

Thus the Verney party become guests of the Duke of Devonshire, who daily throws open his gates to the public. Manchester and Sheffield, in crushed bonnets and shabby coats, may flock hither on an "outing," assured of a kind welcome.

Margaret enters upon the magnificence of marble stairway; vistas of state chambers gorgeous with gilding, fresco, wood carving wrought like lace; chapel fragrant with cedar; gallery where Endymion sleeps in snowy marble, Eve poises her apple, or Achilles writhes in death-agony; while through lion-guarded portal nature once more puts forth her tendrils of living green. Manchester and Sheffield are dumb, awe-struck, before the coronation chairs of dead kings, gifts of malachite from Russia, the Sultan's sharp-prowed caïque, the works of Raphael and Leonardo, and beneath the crystal dome of the palm house; but where a slender sappling is indicated as planted by the Prince of Wales, a ready smile responds.

"That will be much thought of some day," murmurs a woman in limp garments, to whom parterre, orangery, labyrinths of rock-work and cascades, the silvery rain of fountains, hedges of box and beech, and the stately trees spreading a dome of delicate foliage overhead, are insignificant in comparison.

Dolly follows pensively. Her uncle is distrait. A lovely, melancholy face drifts before her like a moon-lit cloud, even dimming the piquant beauty of those arch red lips of the beautiful duchess in the picture-gallery which won votes from dazzled politicians. Bess of Hardwick is a jailer to loyal young Dorothy; her husband, Earl of Shrewsbury, a tyrant; the great Cecil and his royal mistress, Elizabeth, cruel despots; for here Marie Stuart—a rose shredded of its petals by fierce disputants, yet a rose still in the imperishable fragrance of beauty, grace, and misfortune—spent weary months of imprisonment. Dolly sees it all with a thrill of sympathy and wonder. There is the moated bower with the black grated doorway, foliage drooping over the gray walls, and plants growing in the still waters, where she was permitted to sit, and Dolly hears a thin vibration like an Æolian harp:

"I am Marie Stuart. I suffered captivity here while my enemy Elizabeth counted my heart

throbs. All, all is mine, even now; I claim pity and love from unborn generations."

Our young pilgrim can find only this significance in park and avenue: when the hills were the same, the Derwent flowed below, and the earth smiled with spring verdure and freshness, Queen Mary, vigilantly guarded, rode forth, ignorant that her period of imprisonment would extend over nineteen years. Thus sunshine and rain meet, mingle, and part again through the summer hours.

"Where is Dolly?" suddenly exclaims Margaret.

Dorothy has disappeared.

### III.—LOVE, CENTURIES OLD.

Seven miles away, Haddon Hall crowned the hill—time-toned walls clasped by ivy, even as the story of Dorothy Vernon twines about the spot fragile tendrils of romance that serve to still render her home memorable—charming, audacious Dorothy, who eloped with John Manners three hundred years ago. How the centuries roll back from the baronial hall, framed in Devonshire's "Tors," yew, and smooth-stemmed beach, rough and massive as if hewn with a battle-axe for man's protection against storms and enemies, before luxurious Chatsworth was polished in the valley! What to youthful pilgrims is the history of the house of Vernon, traced from a primitive châtelaine in Normandy? A fig for Sir George, "King of the Peak," who ruled here with lavish hospitality, and who also practiced a form of lynch-law which reached the London ear after a time. He is a grand figure altogether on the dim canvas of history, haughtily silent when summoned before his betters for hanging a cottager as "King of the Peak," and responding only when addressed as a knight and gentleman; but his claim to interest rests still on Dorothy.

Behold! were not his two daughters co-heiresses, Margaret openly affianced to Sir Thomas Stanley—a match approved of by all—and sweet Dorothy snubbed and kept a prisoner because of her love for John Manners, son of the Earl of Rutland? One may fancy the "King of the Peak" strutting about and hanging delinquent cottagers, while secretly ruled by his second wife, that surely prim step-mamma, who extolled sensible Margaret, and curbed young Dorothy with a stern hand, unconscious that she was making for herself an unenviable place in history. Gone to the oblivion of the prosaic is bride Margaret, while Dorothy's romance sparkles like a mountain rill leaping from stone to stone, flashing in the sunshine, wind-swept, and still fed by the sympathy of all hearts. Valiant John Manners stole near to Haddon disguised as a woodman, and on the evening of her sister's wedding lovely Dorothy slipped from the stately ball-room through the door sacred to her, and eloped. The lovers rode all night, and next morning were married in Leicestershire. Thus runs the rhyme:

"It is night, with never a star,
And the hall with revelry throbs and gleams;
There grates a hinge—the door is ajar—
And a shaft of light in the darkness streams.
A faint sweet face, a glimmering gem,
And then two figures steal into light;
A flash, and darkness has swallowed them—
So sudden is Dorothy Vernon's flight."

Was Sir George toasting the bridegroom in bumpers of wine? and might not vigilant step-mamma be diverted by supper or the bride's traveling dress from watching Dorothy?

Below, river Wye threaded the peaceful country; the lodge-keeper's cottage was surrounded by a blooming garden, with the family crests fashioned in growing yew-trees—a boar's head, and a peacock with flowing tail of emerald-green; on the slope were the stables, sturdy buttresses denoting great age, with steps for ladies to mount a pillion, carrying hood and farthingale in leather paniers, and possibly caskets of jewels in their laps. Did Dorothy pause to ascend these steps, or did brave John Manners obviate the necessity, down among the shadows of the valley, while music and light centred about Margaret on the hill?

On the same day when Mr. Sidney Haughton and his *fiancée* strolled about palatial Chatsworth, two ladies approached the Gothic entrance of Haddon Hall, gazed at its heraldic bearings a moment, then stooped to pass through the tiny gate within the larger one, all shrunken from rusted nails which old-time caution prescribed.

"See!" cried the younger one, and placed her small foot on the stone, which was worn quite through in the shape of a human foot with the impress of dead generations.

A double spiral stairway led to the tower above the gate, where visitors were warily scanned before being admitted to quadrangle, minstrel gallery, banquet hall with the narrow table and rude benches which once meant the luxury of feasting, when Sir George was host; kitchens flanked by buttery, dark, smoke-stained, with wide hearths, where blazed royal fires when forests were untrimmed and game abundant; and over all the Peverel or King John Tower, where banners floated. Such was the interior, all ghostly, silent, deserted.

"I am afraid I have been very naughty, to run away," said the young girl, after a glance around through her eyelashes. "When I saw you, Mrs. Mathews, I thought I would just run over to inquire how you liked your hotel, and it was so long before I overtook you that I was ashamed to go back alone."

"I am wholly to blame, my dear," said Mrs. Mathews, playfully tapping Dolly's cheek. "I was so lonely without John that I carried you off; I shall tell your uncle the truth. He will follow us, you think?"

"They come here next," replied Dolly; "and your son is sketching?"

"My dear, he has been wild about this old place for years; if he could only live to see 'Dorothy's Door,' and reproduce it after his own fashion. Why, that is your name too. How droll! Ah, you need not blush; I used to color like that when I was young, and it is very becoming. Well, John was off before breakfast, and made me promise not to disturb him for hours."

Dolly gave her head a scarcely perceptible toss.

"Do not disturb him on any account, then. Let us go into the hall this way."

"That would be best," assented Mrs. Mathews, placidly, herself such a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity that it was impossible to follow her train of thought further than an evident delight in Dolly's companionship. "What a queer house! How could people ever have lived in such draughts?"

Fain would Dolly have peeped at the terrace where John was at work. She was vexed with him, a trifle piqued last night when he selected another hotel simply to separate from their party; for to her sweeter nature the practical reasoning of her sister had not yet occurred. The morning had brought a sense of loss, tinged with loneliness; she was quite ready to believe in John's genius as extolled by his mother, yet he should have known she was there, been made aware of her propinquity, and dropping his brush have hastened to greet her. Such was her reasoning. She had wearied of her uncle's society, and observing the backs of the two lovers; the impulse to run away with Mrs. Mathews was irresistible, especially as such a flight might solve the mystery of John's recent conduct.

A state bed-chamber opened before them, hung with tapestry, where forms seemed to start into light like fragments of dreams; here a kneeling slave, with sharply defined outline of shoulder and back, presenting some offering to a superior lost in a fold; there a monkey of startling fidelity to life, or a bird of untarnished plumage, or the coil of a serpent. Mrs. Mathews paused to admire the bed, surmounted by lofty canopy and coronet, satin drapery once wrought by fair fingers, satin pillows once pressed by the head of imperious Elizabeth. Dolly looked in the depths of the Venetian mirror, framed in tortoise-shell and brass, at her own pretty face. Dim old glass, what hosts of phantom faces have been shadowed on your surface since the state bed was first wrought, and the fading tapestry hung on the chill stone walls!

The chapel was dark, plain, severe, with quaint pulpit and reading-desk tenanted by ghosts of drowsy chaplains, with large Norman font, which had consecrated hosts of vanished noble infants, with state pews in the narrow chancel illuminated by a window faintly limned with saints and martyrs, where Dorothy may have sat in by-gone days dreaming of the happy world of sunshine beyond these gloomy walls.

"How could they use such seats?" exclaimed Mrs. Mathews.

Dolly made no response, but stood with slightly parted lips and wistful eyes, also thinking of that bright outer world.

At last! One may ascend rounded steps hewn from the heart of the oak-tree, which also furnished the floor to the stately ball-room, even if down the vista of casements, set with myriad tiny panes like the facets of a diamond, one beholds "Dorothy's Door" at the further end leading to the terrace.

Voices had broken the spell of silence. Already Mrs. Mathews had turned back to greet Mr. Verney, who was approaching with voluble explanations concerning his niece's disappearance. Left alone in the long ball-room, Dolly flushed, hesitated, followed her companion slowly, then paused.

Outside, John Mathews sketched, occasionally closing his eyes as if to permit the scene to fill his mind with the harmony of beauty. Before him was the noble old fortress draped in ivy to the parapet; the moss-stained steps descending from the closed door; the terrace embowered in trees sweet with the damp fragrance of garden, hedge, vine, and blooming sprays of half-hidden flowers; such a wealth of luxuriant foliage as is seldom seen, all clustered about the steps of Dorothy, like the ever-fresh memory of love if centuries old. Over yonder a ray of sunshine parting the fleecy clouds fell athwart Bakewell church, on the hill, and Dorothy's tomb, where she knelt in stiff effigy opposite her lord, hands folded, and ugly black veil flowing about her, with her children—curious little wooden dolls—kneeling below her. John did not picture her thus. She was ever young Dorothy to him, blooming, sweet, and tender, springing down the terrace steps, shrouded in the friendly gloom of lofty trees and sheltering shrubbery, and seeking in that darkness the star of light—her dual life.

The artist laid down his brush with a half sigh, and stepped back to scrutinize his labor. Not a shade of coloring, not a tendril of green, had escaped his faithful delineation; the shrine awaited occupancy, the vase its flower, the lamp the enkindled flame.

The heavy door creaked on its hinges, a fair head peeped out, and then a light form in a cream-colored dress and little mantle fluttered down to him.

"Dorothy!"

He held both of her hands, and looked up at her, as she paused on the last step, with some of the rapture caught from his work, and vitalized by his own love for her. This was the shock of the revelation, and neither knew exactly how it came about.

"I should have gone the other way, but I could not resist running out this door to see how it seemed," said Dolly, her blue eyes still soft and dreamy.

"So you know the story, dear? She left every thing to seek him. That was love," said John.

Mr. Sidney Haughton yawned, and tapped his mouth with his cane.

"It is a musty, mouldy old hole, and an awful bore," he said.

"I like Chatsworth better," responded Margaret. "How much do you suppose Canova's statue of Madame Mère actually cost?"

"Don't know, I am sure. Look here; it's all settled, and your uncle is fairly hooked. I overheard the widow say in the arbor that to be alone was sad, and Mr. Verney replied that as he was of the same mind, they had best marry," added Mr. Haughton.

On the terrace, leaves rustled softly, stealthy creatures crept about the stones unheeded, the picture stood on the easel, the brushes lay on the ground, while youth poured its confession into a maiden's listening ear.

Only a leaf of the centuries, and a ray of sunshine falling on Bakewell church and Dorothy's tomb.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

### Calendar.

JUNE, 1876.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Sunday,* | 11.—Trinity-Sunday; St. Barnabas. |
| *Sunday,* | 18.—First Sunday after Trinity. |
| *Saturday,* | 24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist. |
| *Sunday,* | 25.—Second Sunday after Trinity. |
| *Thursday,* | 29.—St. Peter. |

JULY.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Sunday,* | 2.—Third Sunday after Trinity. |
| *Sunday,* | 9.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity. |
| *Sunday,* | 16.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity. |
| *Sunday,* | 23.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity. |
| *Tuesday,* | 25.—St. James. |
| *Sunday,* | 30.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity. |

THE reception of the fraternal delegates of the Southern Methodist Church by the General Conference in Baltimore has given great satisfaction to the people whom they represented. The *Southern Christian Advocate* says: "The reception of our delegates was most cordial and brotherly. Whatever may be the issue of the negotiations with reference to fraternity, it is clear that *the thing itself* has been promoted by the brotherly interchanges at Louisville and Baltimore; and at last *nascitur non fit* is as true of fraternity as of a poet. It is possible that irreconcilable views as to what may be honorably and conscientiously conceded by either party may frustrate the consummation of any formal terms of fraternization; and still the antagonism between the Churches will have been lessened, and they will have been brought nearer together in true Christian fellowship than at any period within the past thirty-two years."

It must be clear to all candid observers that since the interchanges of courtesy at Louisville in 1874 and at Baltimore in 1876, a great advance has been made toward the establishment of more satisfactory relations between these two Churches.

The coolness with which the Roman Catholic Church demands liberty for itself, while denying liberty to every other form of faith, is well illustrated in the discussion of the toleration clause of the Constitution of Spain. The London *Tablet* of May 4 says: "It is perfectly true that the Church permits and demands the utmost liberty and toleration in countries of divided religious belief. It is equally true that in countries which have the most complete and real unity of Catholic faith the Church resolutely condemns, and must ever condemn, *that artificial fostering of heretical disunion known by the misleading name of religious liberty and toleration.*" That is to say, the Church favors toleration when toleration is for its advantage, but will suppress every non-Catholic religious organization when it has the power to do so. Americans can not fail to see the bearing of such declarations.

In the Spanish Congress Señor ORTIZ recently spoke in favor of an amendment to Article XI., which re-introduces the more liberal provisions of the Constitution of 1869. The amendment was rejected by 190 votes to 33. The Atlantic cable now reports the adoption of the Constitution by the Congress.

The charity that relieves the poor by providing for them summer resorts where the sick and feeble can have the benefit of pure air is likely to have a great development in our country. The purchase of Cozzens's Hotel, at West Point, as a summer hospital was felt to be a step in the right direction, but the purpose of the benevolent lady who furnished the money has for the present been frustrated by a failure to secure a satisfactory title to the property. The West Side Association of this city are erecting at Dobb's Ferry and Coney Island sanitariums for children. Board will be furnished at the low price of one dollar per week. Each building is intended to accommodate one hundred children. The Children's Aid Society will also open a seaside home. Such provisions, with the floating hospitals on the rivers, it is hoped, will to some extent arrest the mortality which carries off in hot weather so many of the children of the poor in New York.

Brooklyn's gala day—the annual parade of the Sunday-schools—was as bright as any one could desire. The children were out in force, and made a notable display. As many as 50,000 of them, distributed in seven divisions, paraded with banners and music. The City Hall and other public buildings and numerous private houses were decorated with flags.

There now remain unsold 20,507 lots of Church property confiscated by the Italian government. On the 20th of April the government nominated a commission, consisting of one Senator, ten Deputies, and two other citizens, for reforming all charitable foundations. The decree of appointment directs the commission to conform these charities "to the new civilization and the changed condition of the times." Many of these charitable institutions, though administered by laymen, are practically in the hands of the Church. It is said that the state will obtain from the sale of such property as much as $250,000,000.

The Unitarians began their Centennial work in Philadelphia by a service in the church corner of Locust and Tenth streets, on Friday, May 12. Dr. BELLOWS, of New York, was the preacher. The collection of Unitarian literature is said to be tolerably complete. Drs. BELLOWS and FURNESS have taken an active part in the effort to secure the opening of the Exposition on Sunday. On the other hand, a meeting was held in the Musical Fund Hall, on Wednesday, May 24, to protest against such opening. The call for it was signed by many well-known citizens.

The twenty-first Annual Convention of the New York State Sunday-school Teachers' Association is announced to be held in Utica, June 6, 7, 8. This is usually a large assemblage, and one, too, of growing importance to the people of New York.

It is reported that Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY, after the dedication of Mr. MOODY's church, in Chicago, will go to Montreal. An urgent invitation was sent them some time since to visit that city. Messrs. HAMMOND and BENTLEY have returned from Baltimore to Washington. The Rev. A. B. EARLE's meetings, at Grand Rapids, Michigan, resulted in 1000 conversions. The "awakening" which has been so marked a fact in the recent history of the United States has spread into Canada.

It is now thought that the schism in the French Reformed Church will be averted. The Liberals have nominated five commissioners to negotiate with the leaders of the orthodox wing. They are willing to make the following concessions: a recognition of the disciplinary and judicial authority of the Synod of the Church; "the confession of faith adopted by a majority of the Synod in 1871 to be respected as the symbol of the Church, but not to be imposed as an obligatory creed;" and a pledge of the Liberal ministers not to "assume an aggressive attitude against the faith of the Church." If these negotiations prove successful, farther appeal to the state will be abandoned by both parties.

The recent annual Commencement of the Chicago Theological Seminary (Congregational) was made the occasion of a triennial Convention of the Congregationalists of the Northwest. The seminary belongs to the churches of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado. Its constitution appoints a triennial Convention for the purpose of a general review of its affairs. The report of the Board of Directors showed the total of seminary assets to be $356,565. Of this sum, $171,644 belong to the permanent fund, and $125,000 are invested in ground and buildings. Carefully prepared essays were read on "The Relations of Home Missions to Christian Colleges," "The Duty of the Churches to give their choicest Sons to the Ministry," and like topics.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has had a very rapid development. It has 1952 auxiliaries, with 50,000 annual members, and supports twenty-one missionaries—two physicians and four teachers in India, three physicians and six teachers in China, three teachers in Mexico, two in South America, and one in Japan. It also maintains 120 day schools, 126 native teachers and assistants, two orphanages in India and one in Mexico, and boarding-schools in Moradabad, Lucknow, Foochow, Peking, Kiu-kiang, and Japan. The recent meeting in Washington of the Executive Committee of this society was visited by a deputation from the General Conference.

The seventeenth Annual Convention of the Board of Delegates of American Israelites began in Philadelphia May 21. This board was established in 1859; thirty-two delegates were present. Among the topics considered was the increase of mission schools in New York, and the probable conversion of Jewish children therein to Christianity. The lack of means for the education of the children of the Jewish poor was assigned as one reason for the increase of Christian missions among Jews. The subject was referred to the Jewish Educational Convention to be held in New York May 24.

A table sent to the London *Noncomformist*, of the sums raised by the Congregationalists of England for all purposes, throws light on the subject of ministerial support among English Dissenters. There are in England 2000 Congregational ministers. Of these, 1000 are estimated to have an average income of £100 a year, and the remaining 1000 an income of £250 each. This seems to Americans a small average.

In the Presbyterian General Assembly resolutions were adopted approving of the decision of the Centennial Commissioners to close the Exposition on Sunday, and deprecating any reversal of that decision. A large committee was appointed to convey the resolutions to the Commissioners. The Home Mission Board reported that during the past year 1035 missionaries had been employed, and 3500 churches and stations supplied with preaching. The average sum paid to each missionary was $250. The total receipts up to April 1, 1876, were $287,717; the expenditures, $284,226. Although the board has a small balance with which to begin the new year, it yet confesses that 1875 was a year of financial difficulty. The Board of Education aided, during the year, 222 theological, 218 collegiate, and eighteen academic students; of this number forty-five were colored. The receipts for the year were $72,040, a gain of $3861 over the year preceding. The number of candidates for the ministry under the care of the board is ninety-two less than two years ago. The report expresses the conviction that the proportion of ministers to communicants in the Presbyterian Church is declining. The Board of Church Erection has received, during the year, $125,016; applications on file and made during the year called for aid to the amount of $152,400; 122 churches received appropriations during the year, amounting to $63,677; the sum of $43,289 remains to be paid. The contributions to the Ministerial Relief Fund for 1875 were $78,055, all of which was expended; the number of families to which the money was appropriated was 379.

The Board of Foreign Missions reported its receipts for the year ending April 30, 1876, to have been $517,688; the expenditures, $515,593. The debt, which, April 30, 1875, was $38,283, was on May 18, 1876, $31,330. Progress in the support of their pastors by native Christian churches was reported. A resolution was presented to the Assembly deprecating the transfer of the care of the American Indians within our territory from the Department of the Interior to that of War.

FIRST INTELLIGENT CELESTIAL (*delightedly*). "Ah wang choppecumlilliysin chunkywunky!"
SECOND INTELLIGENT CELESTIAL (*critically*). "Jimwinkwunk!"
THIRD INTELLIGENT CELESTIAL (*with decision*). "Kinsimsimjochilly billilallal loo chop!"
[*Seen and heard by the artist.*

THE CENTENNIAL POLICE—THEIR UNIVERSAL ANSWER.

## THE CENTENNIAL.

THE collection in Agricultural Hall is made upon the most liberal construction of the term, and embraces, besides the machines, tools, and products of husbandry, all that pertains to wood-craft, manege, the training, stabling, and feeding of stock; also the edible and useful products of the farm, the forest, and the water; food, pelts, hides, preserved provisions, furs, leather. The common, rarer, and choice woods of all countries; the hunters' spoils from the four quarters of the globe; vegetable extracts, dyes, tobacco, medicinal plants; materials for paper and for textile fabrics; and also the more elaborate products, wine, whiskey, and vinegar.

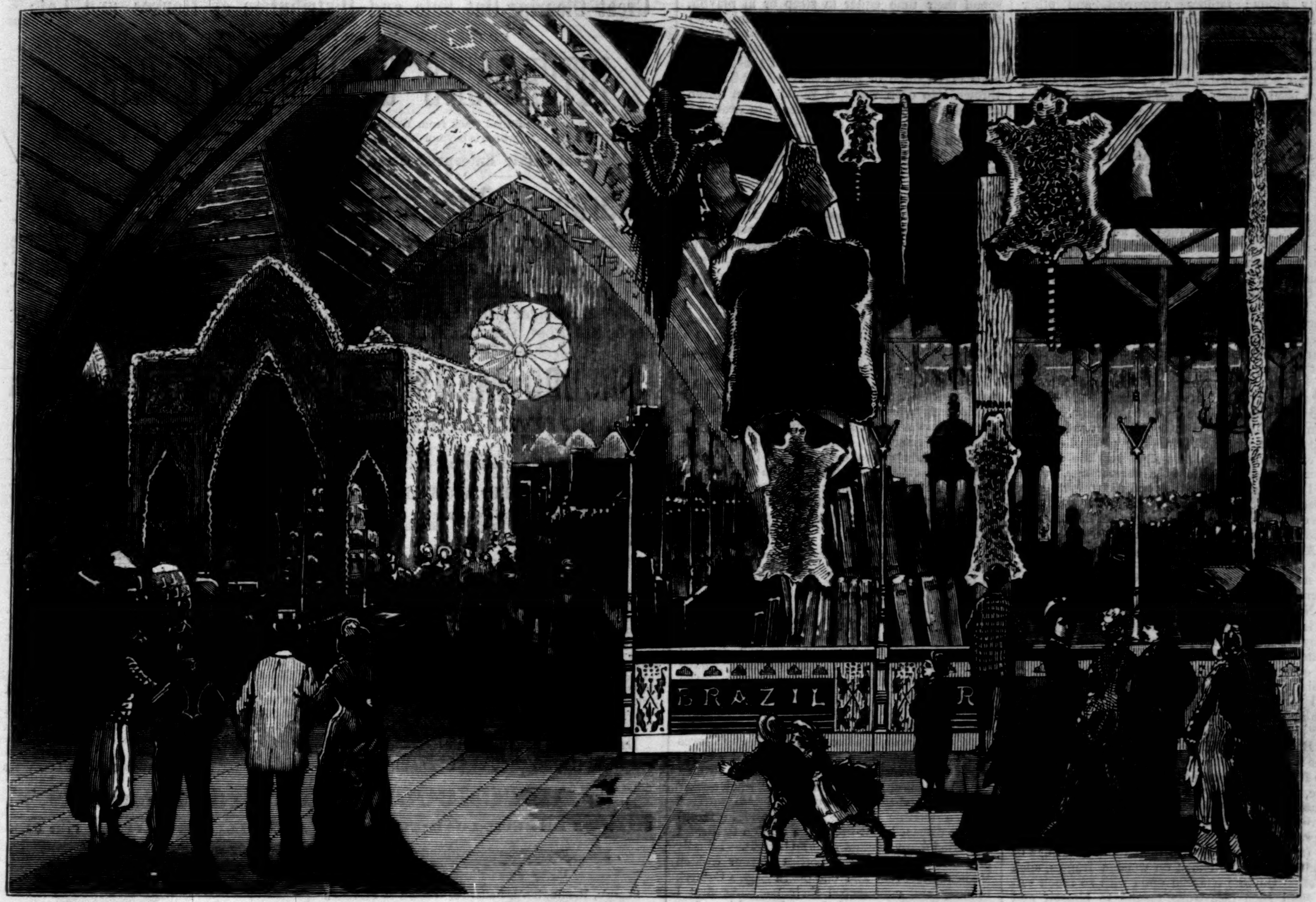
A good illustration of the variety of products, with scarcely the sign of a tool, machine, or apparatus in the collection, is the exhibit from Brazil, as may be seen from the sketch on page 473. This is interesting from its intrinsic merit and the taste displayed in the arrangement, but is especially so in the growing and ripening acquaintance between the two countries. Predominating as we respectively do the two great divisions of the American continent, and well fitted each to fill the hiatus in the productions of the other, there is no reason why the commercial interchange should not be tenfold increased in as many years. The auspicious opening of the mouths of the Mississippi by the jetty system is the removal of the only bar between the Mississippi and the Amazon. The visit of the Emperor at this particular juncture is most opportune.

THE ART CRITIC.

The Brazilian exhibit is displayed on counters around the space allotted, in pyramidal structures, trophies on the posts and suspended from cords. The effect is very fine. The most striking feature is perhaps the skins of wild animals—the jaguar, puma, ant-eater, peccary, ocelot, badger, snakes, and alligators, and many small animals not so familiar. The skin of the large ant-eater is the most singularly marked, and as it hangs from the cord suggests a funeral hatchment, its bar sinister and bar dexter the most plainly marked, associated with some curious emblazonments which no garter king at arms could possibly interpret.

Beneath the spoils of the denizen of the trackless forest rise pyramids of timber from the trees themselves, all colors and variegations, hard, soft, free, tough; boards from the Brazil pine four feet wide and four inches thick; woods like ivory, like tortoise-shell, like copper. There are probably one thousand specimens of wood in the collection, not the least curious of which is a piece of one of the immense climbing parasites which eventually destroy their supporting tree.

On the counters and shelves are collections of the fruits of the woods: the cocoa-nut in its husky pericarp, the same denuded, and again the shell made into cups; the cones of the gigantic Amazon pine, the nuts from the same, and a species of pine wood; palm leaves, and the hats, baskets, bags, and twine made from them; caoutchouc in its milky, gummy, and colored conditions; in bottles and slippers, the gum shaped by congealing on clay models; black moss for




THE CENTENNIAL—BRAZILIAN EXHIBITS IN AGRICULTURAL HALL.—[Drawn by I. P. Pranishnikoff.]

stuffing, Brazil nuts for eating, cacao nuts for making chocolate, and *orucú* for red dye.

Chinese teas of various flavors are placed side by side with the native maté, which is the South American substitute; various fibres for textile manufactures and paper, notably the *vegetal*, a substitute for flax, and *paina* of ten kinds, substitutes for cotton, which is also abundantly exhibited. The paper-tree yields a bark like birch, but whiter. Various wools and hairs suitable for manufacture are shown; and also wax in quantity, raw and bleached.

Six exhibitors send coffee of many kinds; the Mocha berry, locally known as the *lead* coffee, on account of its color; sugar, raw and loaf; corn, pease, wheat, rye, rice, and potatoes; beans of

THE CENTENNIAL—AN OLD-FASHIONED WINDMILL—AGRICULTURAL HALL.—[Drawn by I. P. Pranishnikoff.]

eighty kinds; tapioca, arrowroot, and other starchy products; tobacco in endless variety, from the pale leaf to the ink-black twisted rope.

One of the most interesting objects to be seen in Agricultural Hall is the windmill exhibited by HECKER. This mill is built in exact imitation of those used a hundred years ago in flat countries where there was no available water-power, and the introduction of steam had not yet supplied the natural deficiency. Not only is it remarkable as an illustration of the awkward manner in which our ancestors prepared their grain for use, but it looks as if it had actually done service itself in the good old times. So perfectly are the marks of age, the wear and tear of work, and the weather-beaten appearance of an old mill imitated, that the visitor can almost imagine himself standing before the ancient structure whither his grandfather carried his bags of wheat and corn to be transformed into flour and Indian meal for family use. We are accustomed to seeing marvels of this kind worked with brandy and other liquors, where the vintage of a hundred years ago is skillfully reproduced in the wines of last season; but a windmill at least a century old at the time of its construction is a wonder that only the great Centennial Exhibition of the United States could be expected to show. Something parallel to it is to be found in the Italian department, where a remarkable piece of carving is exhibited that at first sight has the appearance of being a relic of a former age, rotten and worm-eaten almost beyond recognition. On closer inspection the visitor finds it to be a miracle of wood-carving, the result of an incalculable amount of labor and perseverance.

Although windmills for the purpose of grinding grain have long been out of date, yet they are by no means extinct as a motive power. We find them scattered here and there on Long Island, in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and occasionally in other parts of the country. On Cape Cod they are used for the purpose of pumping the sea-water into large tanks, from which, by the process of evaporation, a precipitate of salt is obtained. This is used for the curing of fish, whose dreadful saltness, according to the logic of the little maiden who delighted in cod-fish cakes, accounts for the briny nature of the ocean.

But the windmills of to-day, neither those of the fishing districts nor the fanciful constructions so frequently seen in the gardens of wealthy people, who also use them as a means of pumping water, bear much resemblance to the picturesque structures that had their origin in the East, and were first introduced into Europe by the Saracens. A few of the latter, with their immense wings of white canvas extended on wooden frames, such as Don Quixote charged upon with so much valor and such disastrous results to himself and Rosinante, may still be found in Spain and Holland, but they have no existence on our Western shores. The windmill with us, like many other things picturesque and attractive in their original state, has become the victim of modern progress. It is now built on highly scientific principles, and is about as unsightly as science can make it. Doubtless it does better service; but unfortunately it seems always to be the mission of inventions to develop the useful at the expense of the æsthetic. In the modern windmill the canvas sails, which used in a short time to become covered with weather stains and full of ragged and irregular rents and patches, such as appealed at once to the imagination, and told of fierce struggles with the tempest and the lightning, thus endearing them to the artist's heart, have given way to an arrangement of movable slats, like a window-blind, that can delight no one but an engineer.

The group of fur seals shown in our illustration on page 464 are specimens from the coast of Alaska, the *Callorhinus ursinus* of naturalists, and so well known to the fashionable world as the animal which it draws upon annually for the raw material used in making the beautiful seal-skin garments now so generally worn. In *Harper's Magazine* for April, 1874, was given a full description of the life and habits of this animal, from the pen of Mr. HENRY W. ELLIOTT, of the Smithsonian Institution, who was sent up to the seal islands of Alaska for the special purpose of studying the subject from life.

The picture, drawn from a group of stuffed specimens exhibited in the United States Government Building, shows a family of fur seals as they haul out upon the rocks from the sea upon the "rookeries" or breeding grounds of the Pribylov Islands, the male looming up among his fifteen or twenty wives in imposing mien and bulk, for he is between four and five times the size of the female, and is, in fact, the most eminent of all polygamists. The male here figured is a fair average of his class, being about seven feet in length, with a weight of some five hundred pounds. He has a large blue-black eye, clean glistening teeth, and is between seven and ten years old. He is of a dark brindled gray color, with a light buff or ochre tint on the nape of his neck. His flippers are black, and pliant as though made of India rubber.

The females, which are ranged around the male in characteristic attitudes of sleep or wakefulness, are about four feet in length, and weigh some eighty or ninety pounds; when they first haul out from the water they have a really beautiful tint of light steel-gray on the back, head, and throat, which blends softly into a clean silvery white on the chest and abdomen; their eyes are proportionately larger than those of the male, and are exceedingly attractive and amiable in expression. They never fight or quarrel among themselves; and what is most singular, they seem to have little or no affection for their offspring, which they will desert on the slightest alarm.

The young, or "pups," as the sealers call them, are born shortly after the females come out upon the land, and have at first only a coarse, shiny coat of dark black hair, which is replaced in six or seven weeks by another of hair and fur combined; they are very comical little animals, and spend their time either in sleep or in playful, frolicsome sport one with another until they have learned to swim, and leave the islands in October and November. It may appear odd, but it is true nevertheless, that were one of these young seals taken three or four weeks after birth and thrown into deep water, it would drown miserably in a few minutes; they begin to grow accustomed to the water at the end of three and four months by degrees, and it takes a pup about three weeks of practice at the surf margin before it can handle its flippers properly in the water.

Congress, in 1870, wisely provided for the protection of its valuable interests on the Pribylov Islands, and as matters are arranged and have been conducted during the last five years, we are assured by Mr. ELLIOTT that these fisheries will be as productive a century hence as they now are. The government now derives a net annual revenue of $317,000 from this source.

It is needless to say any thing in explanation of Mr. ABBEY's humorous and characteristic Centennial sketches on page 472. Mr. ABBEY has a keen eye for the grotesque and the ludicrous, with remarkable facility in comic expression.

The double-page view of Philadelphia, from a point near Callowhill Street Bridge, presents that city in a very picturesque aspect. The spot where the sketch was taken is near the entrance to the Centennial grounds. Since the artist made his drawing the appearance of things in the foreground has entirely changed. Then numbers of laborers were at work there with teams and carts, and every thing was in a state of confusion and preparation. Now all is in order, and the transformation complete.


THANKS "FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE HEART."

WELLINGTON, LORAIN CO., O., Aug. 24, 1874.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

*Dear Sir*,—Your Medicines, Golden Medical Discovery, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, have proved of the greatest service to me. Six months ago no one thought that I could possibly live long. I had a complication of diseases—scrofula, manifesting itself in eruptions and great blotches on my head that made such sores that I could not have my hair combed without causing me much suffering; also causing swollen glands, tonsils enlarged, enlarged or "thick neck," and large and numerous boils. I also suffered from a terrible Chronic Catarrh, and, in fact, I was so diseased that life was a burden to me. I had tried many doctors with no benefit. I finally procured one-half dozen bottles of your Golden Medical Discovery and one dozen Sage's Catarrh Remedy and commenced their use. At first I was badly discouraged, but after taking four bottles of the Discovery I began to improve, and when I had taken the remaining I was *well*. In addition to the use of Discovery I applied a solution of iodine to the Goitre or thick neck, as you advise in pamphlet wrapping, and it entirely disappeared. Your Discovery is certainly the most wonderful blood medicine ever invented. I thank God and you, from the depths of my heart, for the great good it has done me.

Very gratefully,
MRS. L. CHAFFEE.

Most medicines which are advertised as blood purifiers and liver medicines contain either mercury, in some form, or potassium and iodine variously combined. All of these agents have strong tendency to break down the blood corpuscles, and debilitate and otherwise permanently injure the human system, and should therefore be discarded. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, on the other hand, being composed of the fluid extracts of native plants, barks and roots, will in no case produce injury, its effects being strengthening and curative only. Sarsaparilla, which used to enjoy quite a reputation as a blood purifier, is a remedy of thirty years ago, and may well give place, as it is doing, to the more positive and valuable vegetable alteratives which later medical investigation and discovery has brought to light. In Scrofula or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammation, Mercurial affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin and Sore Eyes, as in all other blood diseases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has shown its great remedial powers, curing the most obstinate and intractable cases. Sold by all dealers in medicines.—[*Com.*]

The various diseases of the respiratory organs, to which so large a number of the residents in our variable climate are subject, can promptly be made to yield to Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic. These medicines are pleasant to the palate and speedy in their action. They can be had of druggists throughout the United States.—[*Com.*]

THE greatest discovery of the age is Dr TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT for the cure of aches and pains; also cholera, dysentery, colic, and vomiting; warranted for over twenty-seven years, and never failed. No family or traveler should be without it. It is worth its weight in gold. Sold by the druggists.—[*Com.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes the growth of hair.—[*Com.*]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CONSUMPTION, Weak Lungs, Throat diseases, Dyspepsia, General Debility, Loss of Strength, Flesh, and Appetite, and all diseases arising from Poverty of the Blood, promptly and radically cured by WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA. *Established* 1858. Prices $1 and $2 per bottle. Prepared only by
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EACH PURCHASER OF A SHARE, upon the payment of the first installment, will receive a certificate entitling him or her to one of the lots or plots mentioned in the annexed list upon the full payment of the One Hundred Dollars, either in weekly or monthly installments, or cash down, as the purchaser may elect, the location of each purchaser's property to be determined by a

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**1700,**

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**Monday, October 30, 1876.**

Two wheels will be provided—one holding the names of shareholders and the other holding the numbers of the plots and lots. A name and number will be drawn simultaneously until both wheels are empty and the awards called, each shareholder being entitled to whichever his number designates as shown on the map.

No shareholder's name can enter into the distribution unless his or her payments shall amount to twenty-five dollars on each share taken by the date of the distribution. This rule is essential to preserve good faith between the shareholders.

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ONE AWARD of Large Slat-Roof Barn and Six Lots, corner of Stewart Avenue and First Street, worth $3000.
THREE AWARDS of New Two-Story Cottages and Lots, worth $1000 each.
SEVEN AWARDS of Sixteen Lot Plots, at $1000 each.
TEN AWARDS of Eight Lot Plots, valued at $500 each.
TEN AWARDS of Four Lot Plots, valued at $500 each.
FIFTY AWARDS of Lots, valued at $250 each.
THREE HUNDRED AWARDS of Lots, valued at $150 each.
FIFTY AWARDS of Lots, valued at $130 each.
FIFTY AWARDS of Lots, valued at $120 each.
FIVE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN AWARDS of Lots, valued at $100 each.
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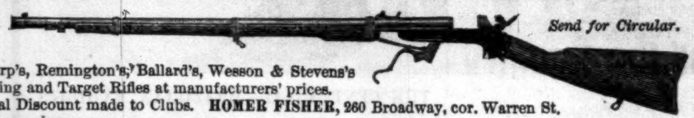

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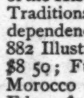


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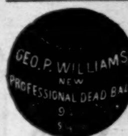


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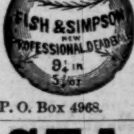


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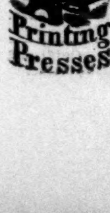

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# THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON.

THE PIRA-RUCÚ.

In 1867 an expedition for the scientific exploration of the equatorial Andes and the river Amazon was organized under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution. The expedition sailed from New York in July of that year, and after crossing the Isthmus of Panama and touching at Paita, in Peru, the general route pursued was from Guayaquil to Quito, over the eastern Cordillera; thence over the western Cordillera, and through forest on foot to Napo by canoe to Pebas, on the river Marañon; and thence by steamer to Perá.

One of the members of the expedition, Professor JAMES ORTON, wrote an interesting account of this long and important exploration, which was published, with numerous illustrations, by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, under the title of *The Andes and the Amazon.* An abundance of new material obtained on a second visit to the same region is now embodied in a third edition of this popular work, doubling the size of the volume, adding many important illustrations, and putting the reader in possession of the latest and most authentic information respecting the southern continent of the New World. The large collections in natural history have added many new species to science, and thrown light upon the distribution of tropical forms. The special study of the physical features of the Marañon region—a vast and interesting country, most rudely laid down in existing maps—has resulted in a careful chart appended to the volume, which, as it is based upon actual surveys, will prove a valued contribution to geographical science. Much labor was also expended in obtaining facts illustrating the commercial resources and possibilities of the Valley of the Amazons, a subject which is destined to arrest the attention of enterprising men and nations.

But aside from its scientific character, Mr. ORTON'S work abounds in interesting descriptions of places and scenery, pleasant incidents of travel and adventure, and accounts of the singular races of people with whom he came in contact during his journey. In one chapter he gives an account of a railway trip from the Pacific coast to Lake Titicaca. In many respects this railroad over the Andes is a more wonderful achievement of engineering than the Pacific Railroad or the Mont Cenis Tunnel. It is the longest railway in the southern hemisphere, being 325 miles long, the distance from the sea to the lake in a straight line being 175. It is also the loftiest railway in operation (the Oroya will be a thousand feet higher), and no other road in the world can show so many cubic yards of excavation. It was built for the government by HENRY MEIGGS, at a total cost of $44,000,000; and, as we might expect, almost every thing is American, from AMES'S shovels to the superintendents. It was Mr. ORTON'S good fortune to be the first traveler to go by rail from the Pacific to Lake Titicaca, and for part of the distance he was the only passenger. The train left the terminus, a village on the coast, in the morning, and sped away along a shore strewed with the ruins of extinct volcanoes. The heaviest grade is four per cent.; and the brakes are so essential in descending that they are shod with new shoes after every round trip between Mollendo and Arequipa. The hard work on this division is indicated by the fact that 3,000,000 pounds of powder were used for excavation, although there is no tunnel. Here, too, one can see another triumph of engineering; for parallel to the track lies the longest iron aqueduct in the world—an eight-inch pipe eighty-five miles in length, winding down the mountains, to supply Mollendo with fresh-water from an altitude of 7000 feet.

Still ascending, clinging to the sides of the mountains, and tacking on almost parallel tracks, the passengers caught occasional glimpses of the magnificent sea, but of only one green thing in all the landscape—the cultivated valley of Tambo. Signs of the old and eternal conflict between fire and water, and of the ultimate triumph of the former, are written on the whole slope of the cordillera, dipping sharply down to the Pacific. The train stopped for breakfast at Cachendo. This station consists of three houses and a water-tank, apparently the centre of a boundless sandy waste; but it is really on the western edge of the Great Desert of Islay. Across this hot and level pampa the train took a straight line with great speed, raising a cloud of dust that followed like the tail of a comet. This lifeless and, before the railway, trackless desert is sprinkled with fine pumice and saline incrustations; and the dull and dusty, naked and calcined surface has a cold, forbidding look, in spite of the flood of light from a meridian sun.

The first relief was a procession of snow-clad mountains along the eastern horizon, whose summits stood from eighteen to twenty thousand feet above the Pacific. On the right was the serrated ridge of Pichu-pichu; next rose beautiful Misti, one of the finest volcanoes crowning the Andes; then followed precipitous Chichani and, farther north, the lofty Coropuno. Within sight of these towering peaks, which seemed to grow in altitude as we approached them, the train flew along the edge of dizzy embankments, passed the iron baths of Tingo, and suddenly entered the city of Arequipa, 107 miles, or eight hours, from Mollendo.

From Arequipa to Puno is 218 miles. Leaving the city by a long iron bridge of Baltimore make, the train made a steep winding ascent, first over a dreary gray, barren waste, and again around fortress-like hills, where the rough, diorite rocks are piled on end as if the Druids had been there. Here begin the wonders of engineering. For ten consecutive miles there are the greatest cuts and fills in the world, each averaging 100,000 cubic yards. In less than half a mile half a million have been excavated. The highest fill is 141 feet, and the deepest cut 127. The excavation on the whole of this division amounts to nearly ten millions of cubic yards. And much of this was done at an altitude 3000 feet higher than Mount Washington.

Crossing the dreary Pampa de Arrieros at the altitude of 13,000 feet, they reached Vincamayo (100 miles from Arequipa), the only village of importance on the whole line, and the highest in the world. It is a pure creation of the railway, consisting of an "American Hotel," engine-houses, machine-shops, coal-yards, etc. Every thing about this village was imported from beyond the sea. At this chilly altitude (14,443 feet), Mr. ORTON tried to sleep; but such was the rarefaction of the air he spent the night in panting for breath.

Early next morning the train moved on to the summit of the road, Alto del Crucero, a bog with rounded hills sprinkled with snow, 14,660 feet above the Pacific. It is a drear and desolate, cold and silent region—so silent the buzzing of an insect would have been painful. Nature seems asleep. The ground is thinly covered with short grass, with here and there clumps of needle-like *ichu*.

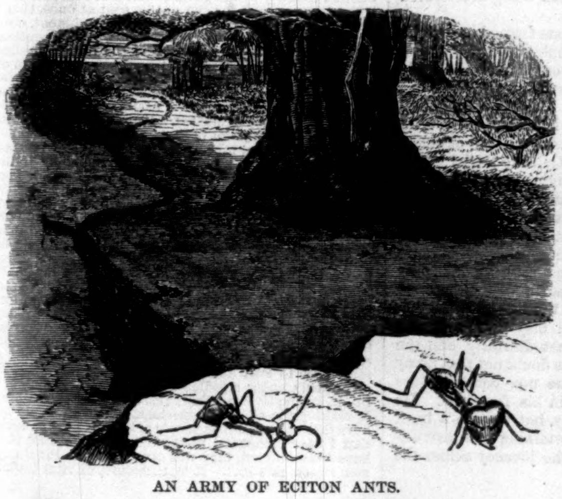
From this point the train descended through wild, winding valleys to the level of Lake Titicaca, the historic centre of the continent. Here was the theatre of the ancient American civilization. Out of Titicaca was born, like a water-god, MANCO CAPAC, the first of the Incas, who founded an empire greater than that of CHARLEMAGNE. All around this mysterious lake, whose surface lies level with the tops of lofty mountains, are monuments which none but a thrifty and civilized people would or could have left behind them.

Lake Titicaca is the natural highway between the city of Puno and Bolivia. At present there are two little steamers afloat, of one hundred tons each, whose transportation from the coast

A GIANT OF THE FOREST.

HUNTING WITH THE BLOW-GUN.

BALSA NAVIGATION ON LAKE TITICACA.



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MONOLITHIC GATEWAY AT TIAHUANACO.

in pieces cost as much as the original price. They are wretchedly managed, are laid up about half the time, and can not come within five miles of Puno, on account of the shallows. There are also two or three trading schooners; but the *balsa* is the characteristic craft. This is simply a bundle of twisted rush, with a mat for a sail; the only wood about it is in the rudder and mast. But steam will work a complete revolution in this cradle of the Incas. Puno has already become an important place by being made the terminus of the railway; and when connected, as proposed, with Cuzco and La Paz, it will be a commercial centre such as the old Incas never dreamed of.

The valley of the Amazon is said to be the most thinly peopled region on the globe, save the great deserts and the polar zones. There are not 40,000 souls along the banks of the rivers in the whole province of Amazonas and the Lower Marañon. Many of the towns marked on the maps do not exist, or are represented by a solitary palm hut. The visible population is almost confined to the circumference of the valley; as at Pará, near the mouth of the river; at Moyobamba and Tarapoto, on the Oriental side of the Andes; and at Trinidad, Santa Cruz, Cochabamba, and La Paz, on the head-waters of the Madeira. The great basin is filled with a continuous, dark, primeval forest, rarely disturbed by the hand of man, and into which daylight seldom enters. Yet imagination peoples this pathless wilderness with uncounted swarms of savages. There are, it is true, numerous clans (we can hardly call them tribes) of Indians, distinct in language, and often hostile toward each other. But many of these so-called tribes, though dignified with separate names, are insignificant in numbers, barely mustering a hundred; while the Mundurucú, the largest known tribe in the valley, does not exceed 8000—men, women, and children. Nor are there any remains of ancient walls to indicate a by-gone civilization, or even shell heaps in memory of a more primitive race. Until there is a decided change in the physical geography of the valley, a large part of it must remain unfit for permanent settlement on account of the annual floods; for a rise of forty feet in the river drives the inhabitants from their summer resorts on the margin of the streams to the higher *terra firma* within the forest. In this way nomadic habits are engendered or perpetuated, and poverty is almost inevitable, for half the year (flood-time) it is hard work to get a living. Furthermore, this regular inundation of the country and the lack of grassy campos (except on the Lower Amazons and the Beni region) prevent the raising of domesticated animals, which, if it does not lie at the foundation of agriculture, certainly does aid in the transition from the savage to a semi-civilized state.

The Amazonian Indians are, as a rule, not distinguished for bravery. Their chief weapons for hunting are spears of chonta wood, and blow-pipes made of a small palm having a pith, which, when removed, leaves a polished bore, or of two separate lengths of wood, each scooped out with patient labor and considerable skill by means of the incisor teeth of a rodent. The whole is smeared with black wax, a mouth-piece fitted to the larger end, and a sight made of bone imbedded in the wax. Through this tube, about ten feet long, they blow slender arrows cut from the leaf-stalks of a palm. These are winged with a tuft of silk-cotton (common cotton would be too heavy), and poisoned with *urarí*. This noiseless gun is universally used on the Upper Amazon. It is difficult to acquire the use of the blow-gun, but the natives will kill with it at a distance of 150 feet.

Like most of the useful vegetable products in this region, the useful animals have not been allowed to fully develop, the normal size, as well as number, being reduced by the wholesale slaughter. So the rage for the skins of birds, deer, and tigers has, in many localities, driven the survivors into the depths of the forest. Nevertheless, there is an immense variety of life within the valley. Monkey meat can not be recommended, as it borders on cannibalism; but many a traveler has been driven to it. The Lower Amazonians esteem the white-whiskered coaitá, one of the thumbless spider-monkeys, which has been described as four legs and a tail tied in a knot in the middle. The tapir, called "anta," "danta," "gran bestia," and "vaca del Monte," is hunted by the Indians; but the flesh is rather dry. This is the proboscidian of the New World, and the largest indigenous animal in South America. When full grown, it weighs over 500 pounds. It has a thick, tough hide, and swims well. Of deer, there are several species, all hunted for their skins and meat. Peccaries, the swine of the country, exist in vast herds up the tributaries. The flesh is excellent, if the gland is removed in time. They are pugnacious fellows; and as nothing will frighten them, they become formidable antagonists. The armadillo runs slowly, but is a mighty digger, getting under-ground with astonishing rapidity. If cornered, it rolls itself up like a hedgehog. The flesh is highly prized, being sweet and tender. It is usually roasted in the shell. The little paca, of a brown color with white spots, swims and dives; the flesh resembles young pork. The gigantic rodent, the capybara, or "ronsaco," makes passable meat. The animal is said to be capable of domestication. The manatee is sought for its oil or "lard," and for its thick skin, which yields excellent glue. It is now seldom found over seven feet long; but formerly a single one gave 100 pounds of oil. The meat has the taste of coarse pork, and few civilized palates will pass it. The animal is usually harpooned.

Of birds, there are gallinaceous fowls in great variety. The best of these is the Amazonian turkey, the curassow, which ought to be domesticated in the United States. There are at least three kinds of guans—the handsome black "cujubím" of Brazil, and the "pava del Monte" and "gallina del Monte" of Peru. There are many wild geese and ducks. The large gray heron, "tuyúyu," is also eaten. The eggs of gulls, or "gaviotes," which are numerous as far up as the Hualláğa, and those of a tern, called "tibi," are much hunted for in the sand.

Turtles, the great article of food and of commerce on the Amazons, abound in the Solimoens, and especially in the Marañon, and in all the tributaries, up to their falls; but they are not so plentiful as formerly. Caballococha is called the best field; 4000 were caught on one *playa* in one season. Seven kinds are known to the natives. The turtles are hunted as they go ashore to lay their eggs. A proposal was lately made in the London *Food Journal* to establish a manufactory on the Amazons for canning turtles for exportation. Such an enterprise, joined to the immense destruction of eggs, would soon deprive the natives of their staff of life. At present, the average price of the large turtle is two dollars, and of the tracajá fifty cents. Another reptile, the ugly iguána, which grows to the extreme length of five feet, is esteemed a great delicacy when fricasseed. Epicures compare it to frog's leg.

Fishes swarm in endless variety. The great majority belong to the cat-fish family (*Siluridæ*), naked with barbels, and mainly to the group *Pimelodina*. The *Loricarias*, or cuirassed silurids, are also comparatively numerous. Scale-fish seem to be most abundant above the falls on the tributaries, and the skin-fish below. They are usually captured by poisoning the water (as with "barbasco"), and by means of spears, arrows, and hooks. Mr. ORTON witnessed a novel method on the Tapajos: two Indians dragged a canoe lengthwise down stream, while a third followed after with a long palm branch, which provoked the fishes to leap out of the water, and most of them fell into the canoe. The pira-rucú, payshi, or anátto, the cod-fish of the Amazons, is the universal diet on the river, and, after rubber and cacao, the most important article of trade. It is sometimes found, but rarely, ten feet long, weighing 300 pounds. It is covered with large hard, red scales; has a smooth head, wide mouth, no barbels, and bands of rasp-like teeth in various parts of the mouth. It abounds in lagunes and clear water. The fish is coarse, and not relished by foreigners.

The royal condor of the Andes has been singularly unfortunate in the hands of the curious and scientific. Fifty years have elapsed since the first specimen reached Europe; yet to-day the exaggerated stories of its size and strength are repeated in many of our text-books, and the very latest ornithological work leaves us in doubt as to its relation to the other vultures. No one credits the assertion of the old geographer, MARCO PAOLO, that the condor can lift an elephant from the ground high enough to kill it by the fall; nor the story of a traveler, so late as 1830, who declared that a condor of moderate size, just killed, was lying before him, a single quill feather of which was twenty good paces long! Yet the statement continues to be published that the ordinary expanse of a full-grown specimen is from twelve to twenty feet; whereas it is very doubtful if it ever exceeds, or even equals, twelve feet. A full-grown male, from the most celebrated locality on the Andes, now in Vassar College, has a stretch of nine feet; HUMBOLDT never found one to measure over nine feet; and the largest specimen seen by DARWIN was eight and a half feet from tip to tip. An old male in the Zoological Gardens of London measures eleven feet. Its gormandizing power has hardly been overstated. Mr. ORTON has known a single condor, not of the largest size, to make way in one week with a calf, a sheep, and a dog. It prefers carrion, but will sometimes attack live sheep, deer, dogs, etc. The eye and tongue are favorite parts, and first devoured; next the intestines. There are no authenticated cases of its carrying off children, nor of its attacking adults except in defense of its eggs. VON TSCHUDI says it can not carry, when flying, a weight of over ten pounds.

After two journeys across the continent of South America, Mr. ORTON speaks rather contemptuously of its wild animals. Pumas, jaguars, and tiger-cats slink through the dense forest, and are hunted for their skins. But the one solitary live specimen which he saw in South America was in the arms of its owner—tame as a kitten! BATES, after eleven years of residence, met only two. The Indians call the jaguar "the devil's beast," and speak of nine kinds. The black is the most formidable animal on the continent, and it is dangerous to meet one alone. Alligators are common, except on the Lower Amazon. There are some varieties of poisonous snakes which are dreaded by travelers, but there are few venomous species at the altitude of 3000 feet, and none over 6000. The anaconda, or sucurujú, is not venomous, and rarely attacks man. It is, however, more formidable than the boa-constrictor, the jiboa of the natives. Anacondas have occasionally been seen twenty-six feet long, and the hoofs of horses have been found in the excrements. After snakes, the large hairy spiders are most to be dreaded, for they lurk any where, and their bite is often fatal. Centipedes and scorpions are repulsive enough, but their wound is seldom dangerous. The largest centipede Mr. ORTON heard of measured eleven inches. "After twelve years in the tropics," says WALLACE, "I have never been bitten or stung by scorpion, spider, or centipede."

But the most numerous and most dreaded of all creatures on the Middle Amazons are the insects. Nearly all kinds of articulate life here have either sting or bite. The strong trade-wind keeps the Lower Amazons clear of the winged pests; but soon after leaving Manáos, and especially on the Marañon in the rainy season, the traveler becomes intimately acquainted with half a dozen insects of torture. Besides the sanguinary mosquito, there is the sand-fly, a minute, dark-colored dipter, with two triangular horny lances, which leave a small circular red spot on the skin. It works by day, relieving the mosquito at sunrise. It is the great scourge of the Amazons. Many a paradisaic spot is converted into an Inferno by their presence. These and other forms of insect life render life in the Amazon Valley almost insupportable. Besides the mosquitoes, flies, and fleas, there are ants, innumerable in species and individuals, and of all sizes, from the little red ant of the houses to the mammoth tokandéra, an inch and a half long. The latter bites fiercely, but rarely causes death. A single bite laid a man up in his hammock for two days; but these tropical people take to their hammocks very easily. Dr. SPRUCE likens the pain to that of a hundred thousand nettles. The eciton ants both bite and sting. On the Tapajós lives the terrible fire-ant ("formiga do fogo"), whose sting is likened to the puncture of a red-hot needle. The only natural enemy of ants seems to be the ant-eater, and this animal is rather rare; so the ants are allowed to increase and multiply. The only means of safety is isolation by water. There are black and yellow wasps (*Monedula*), but as they prey upon mutúcas and cockroaches, we will say nothing against them. The large hairy caterpillars should be handled with care, as the irritation caused by the nettling hairs is sometimes a serious matter. Cockroaches are great pests in the villages. Lice find a congenial home on the unwashed Indians of every tribe, but particularly the Andean. Jiggers and fleas prefer dry, sandy localities; they are accordingly most abounding on the mountains. The Pacific slope is worthy of being called flea-dom. After passing a night in any Indian hut with these insatiate creatures, you are glad, as the author of *Eothen* said after stopping at fleay Tiberias, to pick up the wretched remains of your body long before morning dawns.

No spot on the globe contains so much vegetable matter as the valley of the Amazons. In it we may draw a circle a thousand miles in diameter, which will include an evergreen forest, broken only by the rivers and a few grassy campos, There is a most bewildering diversity of grand and beautiful trees—a wild, unconquered race of vegetable giants—draped, festooned, corded, matted, and ribboned with climbing and creeping plants, woody and succulent, in endless variety. The densest portion of this mass of verdure is along the base of the Andes, where the moisture and temperature are combined in the right proportion—such as existed, doubtless, in the carboniferous age.

The flowers are on the top. On many of the trees not a single blossom is to be found at a less height than one hundred feet. The glory of the forest can be seen only by sailing in a balloon over the undulating, flowery surface above. There, too, in that green cloud are the insects and birds and monkeys. You are in "the empty nave of the cathedral, and the service is being celebrated aloft in the blazing roof." In place of mosses and lichens, the trunks and boughs are bearded with epiphytic orchids, ferns, tillandsias, cactuses, etc., frequently forming hanging gardens of great beauty. In ascending the river the traveler, even if an acute botanist, is rarely able to distinguish individual trees, save the palms and certain lofty, dome-shaped crowns; for the branches are so thoroughly interwoven and so densely veiled with twiners and epiphytes that one sees little more than a green wall. He might roam a hundred years in the Amazons thicket, and at the end find it impossible to classify the myriad crowded competing shapes of vegetation. The roots even of the giants are not deep. The temperature of the interior of the forest is generally lower than by the river-bank.

Nowhere in the world is there such an amount or such a variety of useful and ornamental woods as in the virgin forests which stand around the basin of the Great River. Over a hundred different kinds of highly valuable woods have been cut from a piece of land less than half a mile square. Of these many were dark-colored veined woods, susceptible of a high polish, as beautiful as rose-wood or ebony. But the development of this industry has not even begun. There are only two saw-mills on the river between Pará and the Andes, namely, at Manáos and Iquitos. When the natives want a plank, they cut down a tree and hew it with a hatchet. Several hundred kinds of choice woods, hard and heavy, finely tinted and close-grained, abound, with water-power on every tributary, and a highway by river and ocean to Europe and America; yet enough goes to rot every year to enrich an empire. It is a singular fact that dead timber is rarely to be seen in the heart of the Great Forest. It seems to go to dust almost immediately after its fall, the process of destruction being accelerated by insects.

In South America Nature has framed her works on a gigantic scale. Her sublime congregation of mountains, plains, and rivers is unrivaled. He who sails upon the Amazons sails upon the largest river in the world, and through a forest unparalleled in extent. Nor is this route utterly barren of history. Who has not heard of ORELLANA's famous voyage from Quito to Pará? Who has not wept over the tragic episodes in the strange fortunes of the Incas, and read with indignation, yet with intensest interest, the chronicles of PIZARRO and his iron-hearted adventurers in search of the Gilded King—chronicles more wonderful than Eastern romance, yet historically true? Mr. ORTON makes known a fresh field for travel and adventure. At the end of his book he describes a route which may be followed in perfect safety, with the least difficulty, and the greatest satisfaction; and we doubt not that many persons who are tired of the now commonplace European tour will follow in his footsteps. He has not only shown the way, but written a book which will serve as an entertaining and instructive guide to all who make the journey across the South American continent.

# FORT SUMTER:

## A DEFENSE OF MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON.

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL ABNER DOUBLEDAY has recently published his *Reminiscences of Forts Sumter and Moultrie*, in which there are so many inaccuracies, so many mere assumptions of fact, and so many unwarranted charges and insinuations against a gallant officer, that, in respect to his memory, I lay before the public the "True History of the Siege."

It was upon the 15th day of November, 1860, that Major ROBERT ANDERSON was assigned to the command of the defenses of Charleston Harbor, when the secession of South Carolina had already been determined upon. Throughout that State large meetings of the people had, with great unanimity, called upon the Legislature to re-assemble for the purpose of passing the ordinance that should declare the dissolution of the Union, and the armory of the United States had been seized by a company of the State Guard.

It was in keeping with the policy of the government that the officer who was selected to hold the forts in Charleston Harbor, against the protests of the South Carolinians, should have been of Southern birth. But ROBERT ANDERSON had left his native State, Kentucky, at the early age of sixteen, for West Point, and long before the question of slavery had agitated the country the removal of his family to the free State of Ohio would have attracted his sympathies, if he had been a partisan, to the Northern people.

But apart from his Southern birth there were other reasons for the selection of this officer to this position that required both courage and tact. He had been from the first a man of affairs. Shortly after his having been graduated from West Point he had acted as secretary of legation to the free state of Colombia, in South America. He had served in the Black Hawk War. In the Florida War he was in command of the party that captured forty-five Indians near Fort Lauderdale, and for his gallant conduct upon this occasion he was given a brevet. He had taken part in several engagements of the Mexican War, and was in the *forlorn hope* at Molino del Rey, where he received five wounds that pained and harassed him during his life, and for his behavior under fire upon this occasion he was given a second brevet. He had experience as a staff officer with General SCOTT, the first soldier of his day. He had written a work upon artillery that was the text-book of the army. Finally, as the son of a Revolutionary officer, Lieutenant-Colonel RICHARD CLOUGH ANDERSON, he had a pride in keeping sacred the legacy of his father.

If I am called upon to make an apology for the conduct of Major ANDERSON during the siege of Fort Sumter, I may, perhaps, best do so by taking Mr. EUGENE LAWRENCE's notice of General DOUBLEDAY's book, as it appeared in the pages of your journal, and by exposing each misconstruction and refuting each misrepresentation so far as is, in my opinion, necessary.

There is nothing, except the insinuations of General DOUBLEDAY, to suggest that Major ANDERSON was lukewarm toward his government in the early part of the siege. He reached Fort Moultrie upon the 21st of November, and upon the 23d of that month, but two days after, made a report to the Adjutant-General, from which I here give extracts:

"In compliance with verbal instructions from the Honorable Secretary of War, I have the honor to report that I have inspected the forts of this harbor. As Major PORTER has recently made a report in relation to them, I shall confine my remarks mainly to other matters of great importance if the government intends holding them....

"The garrison now in it [Fort Moultrie] is so weak as to invite attack, which is openly and publicly threatened. We are about sixty, and have a line of rampart of 1500 feet in length to defend, if beleaguered. As every man of this command must be either engaged or held on the alert, they will be exhausted and worn down in a few days and nights of such service as they would then have to undergo....*At Fort Sumter* the guns of the lower tier of casemates will be mounted, the engineer estimates, in about seventeen days. That fort is now ready for the comfortable accommodation of one company, and, indeed, for the temporary reception of its proper garrison....*This work* [Sumter] *is the key to the entrance of this harbor;* its guns command this work [Moultrie], and could soon drive out its occupants. *It* [Sumter] *should be garrisoned at once*....

"*Castle Pinckney*, a small casemated work, *perfectly commanding the city of Charleston*, is in excellent condition....

"It is, in my opinion, essentially important that this castle should be immediately occupied by a garrison, say, of two officers and thirty men. The safety of our little garrison would be rendered more secure from attack by such a holding of Castle Pinckney than it *would be by quadrupling our force.* The Charlestonians would not venture to attack this place *when they knew that their city was at the mercy of the commander of Castle Pinckney.* So important do I consider the holding of Castle Pinckney by the government that I recommend, if the troops asked for can not be sent at once, that I be authorized to place an engineer detachment, consisting, say, of one officer, two masons, two carpenters, and twenty-six laborers, to make the repairs needed there. They might be sent without any opposition or suspicion, *and would in a short time be sufficiently instructed* in the use of the guns in the castle to enable their commander to hold the castle against any force that could be sent against it. If my force was not so very small, I would not hesitate to send a detachment at once to garrison that work. Fort Sumter and Castle Pinckney must be garrisoned immediately if the government determines to keep command of this harbor. I need not say how anxious I am, indeed, determined, so far as honor will permit, to avoid collision with the citizens of South Carolina. Nothing, however, will be better calculated to prevent bloodshed than our being found in such an attitude that it would be madness and folly to attack us....That there is a settled determination to leave the Union and to obtain possession of this work is apparent to all. Castle Pinckney, being so near the city, and having no one in it but an ordnance sergeant, they regard as already in their possession....I do, then, most earnestly entreat that a re-enforcement be immediately sent to this garrison, and that at least two companies be sent at the same time to Fort Sumter and Castle Pinckney—half a company under a judicious commander sufficing, I think, for the latter work. I feel the full responsibility of making the above suggestions, because I firmly believe that as soon as the people of South Carolina learn that I have demanded re-enforcements, and that they have been ordered, they will occupy Castle Pinckney, and attack this fort. It is, therefore, of vital impor-

tance that the troops embarked (say, in war steamers) shall be designated for other duty.... With these three works garrisoned as requested, and with a supply of ordnance stores, for which I shall send requisitions in a few days, I shall feel that, by the blessing of God, there may be a hope that no blood will be shed, and that South Carolina will not attempt to take these forts by force, but will resort to diplomacy to secure them. ....I will thank the department to give me special instructions, as my position here is rather a politico-military, than a military one."

I have quoted at length from this, the first report of Major ANDERSON, for two reasons. First, to prove that at the time it was written he was a loyal soldier and a true patriot; and secondly, to show that the idea of occupying Fort Sumter originated with him at a very early stage of his command in Charleston Harbor, and was not forced upon him by the opinions of his subordinates after the secession of South Carolina, as General DOUBLEDAY testifies; and I beg the reader to follow this early determination of Major ANDERSON, as it appears throughout the dispatches I may quote hereafter, until we come to that important move that he made with such secrecy and success.

I say that this is the report of a loyal soldier. The weakness of his position is pointed out, the methods of strengthening it and of holding these forts for the government are indicated. He even proposes garrisoning Pinckney, whence the citizens of Charleston, whom he loves, it is claimed, above all the rest of his countrymen, may be subjected to shot and shell, and he shows no desire to leave this dangerous position.

Upon the 28th of November Major ANDERSON again writes from Fort Moultrie, and asks that garrisons may be placed in Sumter and Castle Pinckney. Yet he does not give credit to Captain DOUBLEDAY for any suggestions upon the subject, but compliments that officer, in common with the rest of his command, by saying, "that I can rely upon their doing their duty, but you will see how sadly we are deficient in numbers, whether to repel a *coup de main* or to maintain a siege."

In a communication from Colonel COOPER, the Adjutant-General of the Army, dated November 24, it is suggested to Major ANDERSON that he employ "persons not connected with the military service for fatigue duty;" but the major declines, upon the ground that "though they would certainly be of great assistance, I doubt whether such could be obtained here who could be relied upon." This does not look as if he wished to hand these forts over to the Carolinians.

I wish to say here that every quotation I make, unless other authority is given, is taken from the records at the War Department, so that any statement I make may be easily verified or disproved.

Upon the 1st of December Major ANDERSON informs his government that Surgeon CRAWFORD, who afterward became a distinguished general officer, had, during a visit to some friends in the city of Charleston, discovered that the position of the garrison at Fort Moultrie was much more critical than any of them suspected, and "that there would probably be trouble within fifteen days." Dr. CRAWFORD thought that the first attempt would be on Fort Sumter, "which they say (justly) will control this work." And here we have the attention of his superiors again called by Major ANDERSON to the importance of placing a garrison in Fort Sumter. In the same report he says, "I shall go steadily on, preparing for the worst, trusting hopefully in the God of battles to guard and guide me in my course." He is not as yet disloyal.

Upon the 1st of December a communication is sent from the War Department telling Major ANDERSON that "it is believed, from information thought to be reliable, that an attack will not be made upon your command, and the Secretary has only to refer to his conversation with you, and to caution you that, should his conviction unhappily prove untrue, your action must be *such as to be free from the charge of initiating a collision.*" This is the key-note of the instructions sent to Major ANDERSON, and we shall find that it was often struck before he was left to his own devices with sixty against six thousand.

It is in the same dispatch that he is informed that "the increase of the force under your command, however much to be desired, would, the Secretary thinks—judging from the recent excitement produced on account of an anticipated increase, as mentioned in your letter—but add to the excitement, and might lead to serious results."

In an order sent to him upon the 14th of December, Major ANDERSON was instructed not to level the sand hills that commanded his fort, and was forbidden to destroy the houses that might afford dangerous shelter to an enemy, because such action upon his part "might betray distrust, and prematurely bring on a collision." In reference to the approach of an armed body, he is told that, "if approaching for hostile purposes, [it] would in all probability either attempt a surprise or send a summons to surrender. In the former case there can be no doubt as to the course to be pursued. In the latter case, after refusal to surrender, and *a warning to keep off, a further advance by the armed body* would be initiating a collision on their part."

Certainly Major ANDERSON had no warrant under these terms to attempt to disperse the troops that were now, with the full knowledge of the government, fast gathering about him; and, indeed, in accordance with the instructions from the Secretary of War sent to him upon December 21 (a copy of which, because of their importance in this matter, I append to this article), he had no right to fire unless he was actually attacked.

Nor did he receive orders that would justify him in firing upon Moultrie, when, upon the 30th of December, after the move into Fort Sumter, he notified the department that the Carolinians were repairing that work.

But Major ANDERSON, a trained and experienced military man, was not at all satisfied with the state of affairs. He had repeatedly warned the government of the great importance, of the necessity, of putting a garrison in Sumter, and he had not yet been authorized to make the change from Fort Moultrie. Upon the 22d of December he wrote to the Adjutant-General, and, after telling him that an armed steamer had been employed by the Charlestonians to cruise between Moultrie and Sumter, said: "I think that I could, however, throw my garrison into that work [Sumter], but I should have to sacrifice the greater part of my stores, as it is now too late to attempt their removal."

We have now reached the 22d of December, and yet Major ANDERSON appears to be of unshaken loyalty, and active in preparing his force for defense. "I wish to God," he says in a dispatch at this time, "I only had men enough here to man fully my guns." Strange words for a man to use who is desirous of surrendering his fort to the enemy!

Perhaps some of the ill feeling that Captain DOUBLEDAY had against his commander was due to the fact that orders received at this juncture from the War Department, indicating the course to pursue in case of an attack, and directing that it should not be carried beyond a reasonable resistance, were "strictly confidential," and the failure on the part of Major ANDERSON to break the seal of secrecy might have hurt the sensibilities of his egotistical subordinate.

It will be seen that Major ANDERSON had been in Fort Moultrie but two days when he notified the government of the vital importance of occupying Fort Sumter, and the records bear witness, as I have repeatedly shown, that this warning was reiterated upon every occasion that offered. We have abundant reasons for believing that he was determined to possess himself of that fort when the proper time came, and we have no reason to think that the move was forced upon him.

It was a grave responsibility, then, that Major ANDERSON took upon himself, and had it drawn the parties into collision, he would have been deeply censured; had he failed in the attempt, he would have been ruined and disgraced.

But the time had arrived when Sumter must, if ever, be occupied, for he was aware that the Carolinians had intended taking possession of the fort that laid his command at their mercy.

The boldness of this move struck the Carolinians with wonder, and an immediate surrender was demanded. Nor were the authorities at Washington less surprised, for Secretary FLOYD sent a telegraphic message to ANDERSON saying that he did not believe the report of the move, because "there is no order" for it.

If the move was a bold one, this reply was a noble one, and worthy of the act:

"The telegram was correct. I abandoned Fort Moultrie because I was certain that if attacked, my men must have been sacrificed, and the command of the harbor lost. I spiked the guns and destroyed the carriages, *to keep the guns from being used against us.*

"*If attacked, the garrison never would have surrendered without a fight.*"

In a letter to the department, Major ANDERSON says that he made the move because he considered it "his solemn duty." And whatever induced him to make the move, the full responsibility rested upon him alone.

If a council was had, as stated by DOUBLEDAY, and a removal recommended, the decision of ANDERSON was kept to himself, or at least not communicated to DOUBLEDAY until just before it was to be carried into execution.

I pass over the ignoble insinuations in regard to the courtesies that passed between Major ANDERSON and the citizens of Charleston. They had respect for the little band of men in Fort Sumter, and Major ANDERSON was a gentleman, and was grateful for their kindness. He took advantage of their permission to buy provisions for his men in the Charleston markets, but felt called upon to decline donations of provisions, which were freely offered. For he was not the only member of the garrison who had friends in the city. We have seen that Dr. CRAWFORD had been on a visit to some acquaintances when he brought back word that trouble was imminent; and indeed every officer in the fort, except DOUBLEDAY, no matter from what section of the country, had the acquaintance and friendship of some of the Charlestonians.

With singular inconsistency DOUBLEDAY charges Major ANDERSON with inactivity and a want of energy in his preparations for defense after the removal into Sumter. According to his own statements, made elsewhere in his book, this work, that was in many parts in an incomplete state, was placed in a condition for defense before the attack that argued well for its commander and the industry of the small garrison. Those who are acquainted with military affairs know that no matter how zealous and loyal the rest of the garrison might have been, without the concurrence and direction of the commander they could have done nothing.

But unfinished as was the fort, it was a stronger position than that at Moultrie, and it was with satisfaction that Major ANDERSON wrote to the department, "Thank God, we are now where the government may send us additional troops at its leisure"—a sentiment that does not show a want of loyalty upon the part of its author, nor any desire to be relieved from the position in which he was placed.

But every day the Carolinians were busily employed in building fortifications that should render Sumter an easy prey, and that would prevent the approach of re-enforcements. The government was kept informed of their movements, and though it was repeatedly asked, had so far shown no disposition to send the long-promised assistance to Major ANDERSON. Three days before the arrival of the *Star of the West*, he again reports to the Adjutant-General: "At present it would be difficult and dangerous for a vessel from without to enter the harbor, in consequence of the batteries which are already erected and being erected.... We are now, or soon will be, cut off from all communication, unless by means of *a powerful fleet which shall have the ability to carry the batteries at the mouth of this harbor.*"

What were the feelings of Major ANDERSON when, upon the 9th of January, he saw a lone, unarmed vessel attempting to pass these batteries that could easily have beaten off a "powerful fleet?" He had been informed that he might expect re-enforcements, but the government had failed to give him information of the plan that had been adopted, and even had he suspected that this was the effort that the government had been so long preparing for, the futility of it was but too apparent. Had he opened fire upon the batteries that were opposing the *Star of the West*, he would have decoyed that vessel into certain destruction, and it would have been an act directly contrary to the repeated instructions from the department that he should not place himself, under any circumstances, in the position of the aggressor. Before the vessel had reached a point within two miles of his position, it had received two shots, and was compelled to return. Had Major ANDERSON been able to use artillery equal to that of the Carolinians, he could not have covered her approach, nor have silenced their fire before she had been sent to the bottom.

It was a wise and happy inaction upon the part of Major ANDERSON. Captain DOUBLEDAY, no doubt, would have acted differently: he would have fired, tempted the vessel to certain destruction, precipitated the war at a most disastrous time, when neither the government nor the people were prepared for the contest, and most probably by his folly have secured the success of the rebellion. He was unaware of, or unable to appreciate, the gravity of the crisis. The instructions to Major ANDERSON, whether so designed or not by their author, were eminently judicious, and were wisely and conscientiously carried out. Fortunately for the government, fortunately for the Union, but unfortunately for the Confederacy, ABNER DOUBLEDAY was not then in command.

It is a maxim of war that battle should not be invited except by a party that may derive some direct benefit from it, or place its adversary at a disadvantage by it. Major ANDERSON had nothing to gain by drawing the fire of the Carolinians, for an attack must, in the nature of things, have resulted in the demolition of Fort Sumter, and he could not have seriously crippled his opponents. Had the *Star of the West* been permitted to pass through two miles of concentrated fire to the quay of Fort Sumter, the guns of Fort Johnson would have sunk her before a raw recruit or a barrel of pork could have been taken into the fort.

It should also be borne in mind that for more than a month, at this most critical period in the history of the country, Major ANDERSON had occupied an isolated position. He had only the light of his instructions from Washington for his guidance, and from other sources knew nothing of the theory of the government under which he was acting, or of the political exigencies. It was therefore of the greatest importance that his conduct should be controlled strictly by these orders.

The country has reason to be thankful that Major ANDERSON exercised the forbearance he did upon this trying occasion. It quickened the loyalty and fixed the determination of the North, and gained thousands of friends to the Union cause. It deferred the collision until a loyal administration came into power, and gave time to the government to prepare for that struggle for which the insurgents long had been ready. When the time came, ANDERSON showed that he could and would use his guns, but he deserves more credit for the self-constraint he exhibited at this time than for the heroic defense he made when the attack could be no longer delayed.

Upon the day of the firing upon the *Star of the West*, he sent the following note to Governor PICKENS:

"FORT SUMTER, SOUTH CAROLINA, *January 9*, 1861.

"SIR,—Two of your batteries fired this morning upon an unarmed vessel bearing the flag of my government. As I have not been notified that war has been declared by South Carolina against the government of the United States, I can not but think that this hostile act was committed without your sanction or authority. Under that hope, and that alone, did I refrain from opening fire upon your batteries. I have the honor, therefore, respectfully to ask whether the above-mentioned act—one I believe without a parallel in the history of our country, or of any other civilized government—was committed in obedience to your instructions, and to notify you, if it be not disclaimed, that I must regard it as an act of war, and that I shall not, after a reasonable time for the return of my messenger, permit any vessels to pass within range of the guns of my fort. In order to save as far as is in my power the shedding of blood, I beg that you will have due notification of this my decision given to all concerned. Hoping, however, that your answer will be such as will justify a further continuance of forbearance on my part, I have the honor to be, etc., etc.,

"ROBERT ANDERSON,
"Major 1st Artillery, commanding.

"To his Excellency the Governor of South Carolina."

Major ANDERSON'S conduct in this matter was "fully approved by the President," as appears in a dispatch sent him upon the 28th day of February; and in a letter from a loyal Secretary of War, CAMERON, dated April 4, but one week before the attack upon Sumter, he is told that "the President has confidence that you will act as becomes a patriot and soldier under all circumstances."

When, upon April 13, after a defense almost unparalleled in the history of war, having with less than one hundred men held the fort against more than six thousand soldiers serving nineteen batteries, he gave up his charge, the management of the affairs of the country was in the hands of a loyal administration prepared to battle for the right.

What better proof could be required of the complete satisfaction he gave his government in every particular of his conduct than his rapid promotion, and the important duties to which he was assigned?

He was, as brigadier-general of the regular army, given the command of the "Department of the Cumberland," and at his solicitation the aid of the first soldiers of the republic was given him. The late lamented GEORGE H. THOMAS and the present distinguished commander-in-chief were both introduced, as it were, by him into that career which was so glorious to each.

It was his strong desire to be actively employed, and he retained this position until his health, much impaired by his hard experiences in Fort Sumter, gave way, and at the earnest appeals of his friends, and contrary to his own wishes, he was relieved from the post, and General SHERMAN appointed to succeed him.

Even General DOUBLEDAY acknowledges that the defense was a gallant one, but he can not refrain from criticising Major ANDERSON for not using the "barbette" guns (the pieces upon the exposed top of the wall). In truth, the first three shots that were fired from the fort were from those very guns, and after the firing of the enemy became heavy, Major ANDERSON, as would every wise commander, gave his few men such shelter as the casemates might afford. This charge was an after-thought of DOUBLEDAY, for it appears by the New York papers of April 18, 1861, that he told the reporters that Major ANDERSON had refused to work the "barbette guns on account of the terrific fire." No living thing could have remained long in such an exposed situation, and the guns on one side were demolished. It was never required of Major ANDERSON to do more than make an honorable defense against the great odds opposed to him, and to have exposed his men unnecessarily would have been cruel and unsoldierly. With his small garrison he could handle ten guns, and even though he could have brought into use every gun in the fort, barbette or casemate, the result must have been the same.

At one point of his arraignment of ANDERSON, Mr. LAWRENCE, when discussing the mystery of his conduct, almost admits an excuse for him in the possible instructions under which he was acting. But so possessed is he, through DOUBLEDAY'S representations, of the disloyalty of Major ANDERSON that he dismisses this suggestion and smothers the conviction, which must have arisen in his mind, that, after all, it was the truth, and a rational explanation of the mystery. The doubt, of itself, ought to have been sufficient to guard the good name and honored memory of the dead soldier, without the production of the actual evidence. But it did not. It was rather referred to as confirmation strong of other suspicious circumstances. Major ANDERSON must have been in league with traitors. No admission of a possible existence of orders requiring him to act as he did was indulged in for him. But an imagined contingency, for the benefit of General DOUBLEDAY, in *his* having a sufficient garrison, is made to testify at once to his competency for the crisis, and to his superiority to his commander for the post of honor.

Upon the whole case made out by General DOUBLEDAY and his eulogist, Major ANDERSON was a most inconsistent, if not an impossible, character. With sympathies altogether on the side of the South, he invariably acted in the interests of the Union. He was a patriot, it would seem, in spite of himself. But he deserved no credit for it. He ought, according to these authorities, to have surrendered his force before he left Moultrie (which his instructions clearly authorized him to do, and which he might therefore have done without a shade of dishonor), or betrayed Sumter into the hands of the besiegers, or, at any rate, have gone over to the Southern Confederacy after the surrender. On the contrary, most preposterously, he risked life and honor in removing to Sumter, held that fort almost to the point of starvation, until he forced the Confederates to batter down its walls over his head, and finally left the fort to join the Union forces, and expended all the energies left him in that service.

What motives, so mysterious that Mr. LAWRENCE can not conceive them, could have prompted Major ANDERSON to act as he did? Could any other motives than a conscientious devotion to duty, a loyalty to the whole Union, and a love of the old flag? That banner, which embodied in his eyes both duty and patriotism, was unfurled with prayer and cheers and music on the occupation of Sumter, was hauled down with tears and grief and indignation, and accompanied him, by his special request, when he was taken to his last resting-place. EDWARD L. ANDERSON,

Lately a Captain 52d Regiment O. V. I.

## APPENDIX.

### INSTRUCTIONS TO MAJOR ANDERSON.

"WAR DEPARTMENT,
"WASHINGTON, *December* 21, 1860.

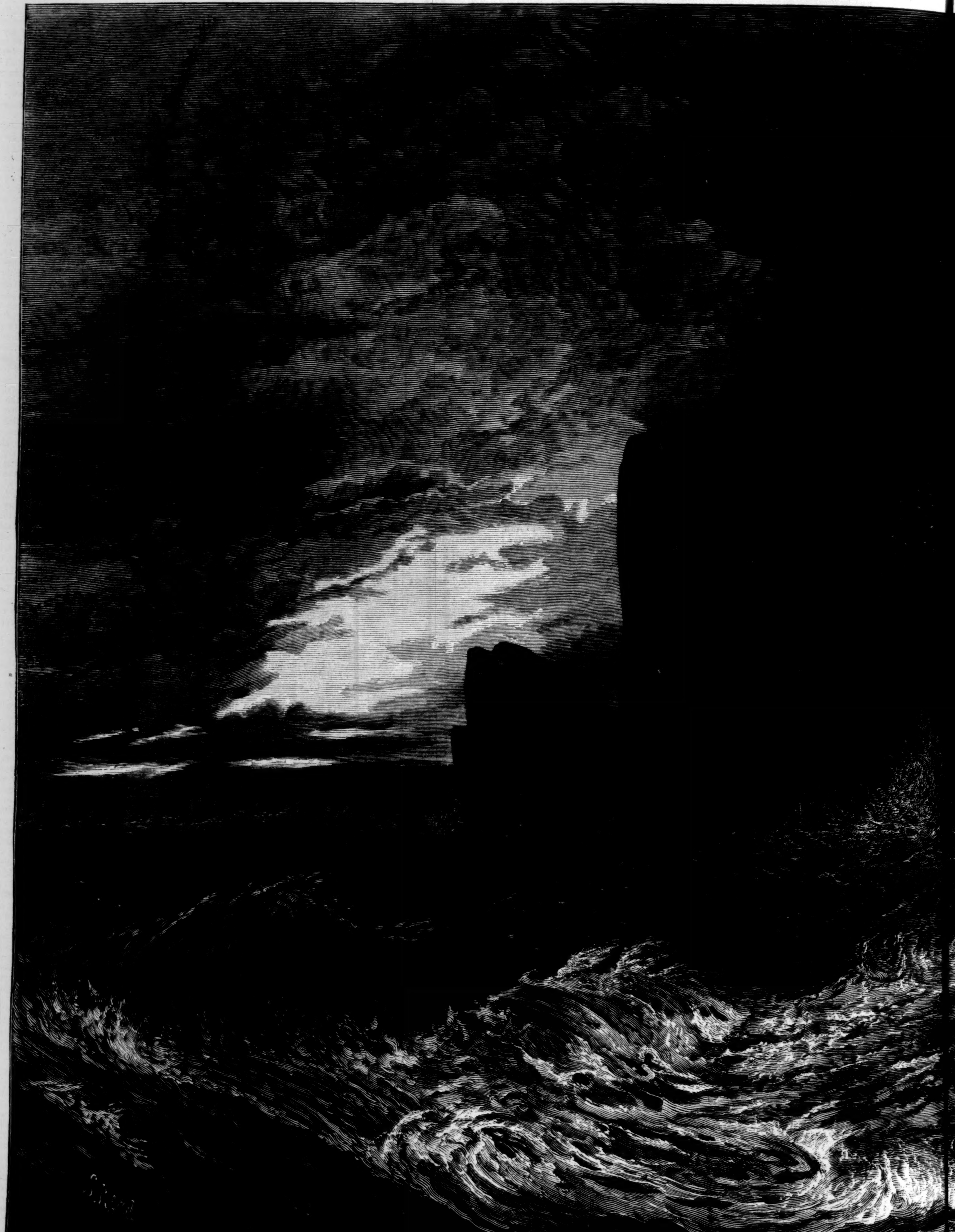
"SIR,—In the verbal instructions communicated to you by Major BUELL, you are directed to hold possession of the forts in the harbor of Charleston, and if attacked, to defend yourself to the last extremity. Under these instructions, you might infer that you are required to make a vain and useless sacrifice of your own life and the lives of the men under your command upon a mere point of honor. This is far from the President's intentions. You are to exercise a sound military discretion on this subject.

"It is neither expected nor desired that you should expose your own life or that of your men in a hopeless conflict in defense of these forts. If they are invested or attacked by a force so superior that resistance would, in your judgment, be a useless waste of life, it will be your duty to yield to necessity and make the best terms in your power.

"This will be the conduct of an honorable, brave, and humane officer, and you will be fully justified in such action. *These orders are strictly confidential, and not to be communicated even to the officers under your command,* without close necessity.

Very respectfully,
"JOHN B. FLOYD.

"Major ANDERSON, 1st Artillery, commanding.
Fort Moultrie, South Carolina."



"THE WILD WEST COAST OF THE NORTH COUNTRIE."—From a Pa

om a Painting by S. Read, in the Philadelphia Exhibition.—[See Page 482.]

## THE BLIND WIFE.

BLESS my stars! "Born blind?" d'ye ask?
Never a bit of it, Sir;
Why, the brightest eyes 'mongst the village gals
Belonged, you must know, to her.
You see, I was running an engine then,
The brave little Thirty-nine,
And after the wedding Madge and I
We lived along the line.

And while she worked in the little home
She'd manage to keep an eye,
And sight the train as it thundered down
To watch her man go by.
One day there rose such an awful storm;
The wind blew fierce and strong,
The lightning flashed till my eyes were dazed,
But still we rattled along

On to the mouth of the granite gorge
Where the ticklish bowlders hung,
When sudden there gleamed across the track
The light from a lantern swung.
With a mighty strength and a throb of fear
I slackened the engine's speed;
At last, thank God! we came to a stand
At the mouth of the narrow lead.

And, oh! on the track afore our wheels,
Struck down by the cruel gale,
Lay Madge, my Madge; and further on
Were the bowlders blockin' the rail.
For mebbe an hour the passengers, Sir,
Worked over my own brave wife;
But the lightnin' stroke, though it took her sight,
Was willin' to spare her life.

Well, Sir, they gin her a pretty pile
For savin' their lives, you see;
But where's the gold that can buy the worth
Of her lovin' eyes to me?
O God! 'twas hard when the baby came,
'Twas then that she felt the blow,
When she asked if the child upon her breast
Was like to her man or no.

She laid her hands on the little face,
And then on my own—dear heart!
I choked the sobs back into my throat,
But the tears were bound to start.
And when she found that my cheeks were wet,
She lifted her face to me:
"Don't worry, John; it is dark below,
But in heaven, dear, I'll see."

## "THE WILD WEST COAST."

THE double-page illustration in our Supplement for this week is a copy of a picture at present on exhibition in Memorial Hall, at Philadelphia. The artist, Mr. S. READ, has chosen for the theme of his striking painting the wild and picturesque scenery peculiar to the northwestern coast of Scotland. The weirdness and the desolation that characterize this portion of the Scottish Highlands are most faithfully portrayed.

It is a common sport as well as a recognized employment among those who dwell on this portion of the Scottish coast to gather among the crags the eggs of the sea-fowl, and even to catch the birds themselves. Compared with this employment, the part of him who "gathers samphire" on the Dover cliffs is one of safety and pleasure. In the cavities of the beetling crags the sea-fowl build their nests, and the natives, by means of a rope around their bodies, overhang precipices nearly a quarter of a mile in height. Merely to approach the edge and glance down the fearful abyss would be sufficient to disorder any common nerves. Yet the adventurer, with a line of many fathoms held by several companions on the cliff above, descends, and, disengaging himself from the rope, enters cavities in the rock higher than any arch in a Gothic church. The danger attending these operations can be easily imagined. Many perish annually from falling stones and other casualties. It is recorded that one of these adventurers discovered that the rope by which he was suspended was so much chafed by the edge of the rock that he hung by a single strand. He could not give any immediate signal to his companions, and when he was drawn up it was found that the extremity of his terror had been such as to blanch his hair. From the tops of these dizzy precipices the mountainous waves breaking below seem like ripples, and the roar can hardly be heard.

The Scotch Highlanders are a grave and sedate race, so much so that they often appear melancholy. The wild solitudes in which they live contribute to this. Unattractive as their native fastnesses would appear to be, they are always reluctant to emigrate; and in foreign countries they are remarkable for the affection with which they regard each other, and the tenderness with which they look back to their desolate homes amidst the rocks. No land, however favored by nature or adorned by art, appears to the Highlander equal in beauty to his own barren rocks and heathery moors. No matter how distant their wanderings, it seems their unalterable purpose always to return in time to be buried within the shadow of their native hills. In the more northern counties Gaelic is still the universal language, though English is frequently spoken among those who are in the habit of visiting the Lowlands. The costumes of the Highlanders still preserve to a great degree the peculiarities that make them so remarkable, for the hardy and determined Scots are not a race to yield to the influence of facile communication between all countries which is doing so much toward obliterating all distinctions of dress and manner. The true Highland costume consists of a tartan jacket, a kilt, which is a short petticoat of tartan, pleated all round, and descending to within two inches of the knee. Tartan hose are stockings coming near the knee and gartered with red worsted ribbon. A Highlander has a peculiar pride in the manner of tying this garter, which it is supposed no Lowlander can succeed in doing perfectly. Large silver buckles are worn on the shoes. In the dress of a gentleman the bonnet is of tartan velvet with a diced border; the common Highlander's is of tartan worsted. This is surmounted by a large black plume fastened with a Cairngorm. Toward the south of Scotland these remarkable costumes seldom appear, being mostly confined to the rare occasions when a fancy ball or some Scottish festival induces the young Highlander to adopt the distinctive toilet of his ancestors.

Nothing can be more singular to the eye of a traveler than the first view of a fishing village on the coast of the northern Highlands. At a distance a large volume of black smoke may be seen ascending apparently out of the ground. The traveler approaches a little nearer, and perceives that it proceeds from a collection of low mounds or hillocks of mud, and it is only on a closer survey that he discovers them to be human habitations. These black huts, as they are appropriately named, consist of four low mud walls with a roof of ill-thatched heather, the smoke coming out of the door, which serves also as a chimney. Within this miserable dwelling the whole family, men, women, and children, together with all the live stock appertaining to the establishment, are usually promiscuously assembled about a peat fire in the middle of the room. A few wooden benches and one or two chaff beds in niches, covered with coarse blankets manufactured by the people, are the only articles of furniture. The whole is generally enveloped in an atmosphere of smoke, with an overpowering smell of peat, tobacco, and whiskey. The latter luxury is consumed indifferently by men and women alike. Altogether the romance of "the wild west coast of the North Countrie" lies in the gloomy grandeur of its scenery, and not in the inhabitants that people its rocky crags and fastnesses.

## SWIMMING WITH SWAGS.

"STOP, Sir! stop!"

I was cantering round the last turn into what we called "the straight," leading up to Kilvery Station, where fifty thousand sheep were depastured, on the borders of Victoria and New South Wales. The cry—more of a cry than an injunction—made me draw rein. There was no one to be seen along the path trafficked out of clusters of wattle and undergrowth; it ran level and white as a ruled line toward a couple of big trees that threw a contrast of rusty olive against hay-colored grass.

I pulled Tenter up and listened, ready for a sudden start—ready and somewhat anxious, too, for the bush was not at all safe during those hot summers we had a few years after that day of fire called Black Thursday. In the loneliness and on the wideness of the ceaseless plains ruffians prowled, to whose savagery and devildom the firing of squatters' runs and the violation of women were credited. Whispered rumors traced their progress toward Kilvery of late, and I was anxious. For an instant there was no further sound, but in that which followed I detected a slight rustling near where I was; then a pale, anxious face looked out upon me from the brush with a curious air of entreaty.

It was a broad surly face, with high cheekbones, with gray cold eyes. It was a worn face, upon which deep lines lay, hardened in by the wear that gave it the wornness; it looked like a life record of excess and fight. The massive jaws surmounted a throat and chest that were broad and bare; it was not the face to meet on a lonely road at that time, and Tenter started to the spur again. But somehow a feeling as of familiarity with the expression flashed upon me just as the horse resumed his pace, and turned me in the saddle to look again. The man was standing out upon the road, wearing a gauntness of look and attitude half sullen and half dejected.

"Come here, Mr. Waltham. Don't you know me?"

I pulled rein for the second time, and rode slowly back. At twenty-two I was a match for most men in strength and quickness, so I let the loaded handle of the stock whip fall through my hand till I grasped the top over the thong fastening, half drawn by the voice and half repelled by the man.

"It's two years since I left Kilvery, and like as not a-wanderin' about and a-shavin' of myself has changed me. I'd forgotten that, Mr. Waltham. I'm Norris."

"What! Bush Norris? You *have* changed."

Norris was a dangerous man and a reckless man, but the best servant the station ever had. He had lived at the homestead for five years, commanding that respect that is born of strength and determination from others who had wild histories as well as he. Norris had been suspected of stealing rations; he admitted the theft at once. The reason? His strong face settled down into doggedness, and his heavy lips met in an unyielding line. He was dismissed.

"Well, yes, I hev changed; but it's no use a-jawin' about that. Come into the scrub a bit; I want to speak to you. You might be seen—an' there's no time to spare."

Might be seen! The road was as bare as a track over a Caucasian steppe.

"Might be seen! What do you mean?"

"Come in, Sir."

With the same earnest expression on the forbidding face as before, and the same half entreaty pervading his big voice, he retreated among the branches.

Alighting from the horse, I led him after me by the rein and followed, but lowering my grip on the whip handle to grasp a stronger place.

"Now, Norris, what do you want?"

"Is the horse out of sight, Sir?"

"Yes."

The next few words the man spoke told me that he felt he was in some kind of position to assume superiority. His tone as well as his manner altered into rapidity and curtness. He became stern, but still remained earnest.

"You was at the bush fire."

"I'm just coming back."

"Who's there?"

"All hands."

"Who's at the station?"

I paused. There came a rush of conviction upon me that I had been imprudent. The station was not two miles away. Marion Walmer, the daughter of the owner of Kilvery, and her cousin, Emily Ritcher, were at home. There were two useless women-servants with them, and not a man near. Every "hand" had been mounted and had ridden forth to fight the bush fire on the plains. I let Tenter's reins fall and drew back a step, with a closing grip on the whip handle.

"Oh, cum, cum," said Norris, fully understanding the attitude, and with something of a passing satisfaction in his voice, "none o' that 'ere. That ain't my game. Git the reins agin; you're as strong as I am, if so it were my game, an' that whip's ugly. I ain't a-goin' to feel yer throat, an' git the horse an' gallop up to the blarsted 'ouse. No, that ain't it. I owe Miss Marion one—that's my game. I traveled all night for that 'ere, Mr. Waltham."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this here. I'd a fever onst, an' not a darned one o' ye cum near Bush Norris only she. Did she bring me things I'd like to take, or did she not? Did she cum into the store hut to see ole sujee Norris? Did ye all keep out 's if I'd the plague an' was nothin' but a rotten sheep? Only Miss Marion cum, eh? Yes, an' cuss me if I wouldn't let it happen, only for Miss Marion. I would, by Gomer! Who spoke for me to the boss when I shook a bit o' tea an' stuff for a poor hunted ole wallowby o' a mate? Were it Miss Marion? It were, God bless her! There, wot d'ye think o' that? That's my little game."

"Well, but—"

"Well, but" (relapsing into his hardness), "this is it. I'm nothin' but an infernal ole lag, an' a mate o' ole lags, but that 'ere horse behind yer is better nor some o' you swells. I know yer ungratefulness; not the fust time to know it, neither—not the fust time. A hoss even, the poorest, blessedest ole screw, he ain't ungrateful. No more is Norris."

"But, tell me, is there any thing wrong?"

"Oh, two words 'll do that. This is wrong, that the Ganger an' Black Tom an' Hobart-Town Harry is gone up to the station."

I gasped giddily as the trees danced round me, and the thought of the defenseless girls in the power of the most brutal bush-rangers of the colonies crept upon me with a kind of bewildering horror. "O," I heard myself moaning out, like a helpless woman—"O God! stretch forth Thy hand!"

The blood flooded back to my heart, and I stood unable to move, as stunned by a crushing blow. It was only for a moment. I had hold of Tenter's main and reins and one foot in the stirrup before a man might count ten. In aimless wildness, dimly aiming to save, in the fury of the concern that came upon me, I was about to gallop on like a madman, but the broad heavy hand of Norris gripped my shoulder.

"D'ye want to kill the girls, an' wuss—d'ye hear, an' *wuss?*—an' chuck yer own life away too, eh? Wot the devil would ye do, gallopin' up crankified? Only git a ball in yer karkiss. Drop them reins; the hoss 'll stand. Cum here. Ye want to pertect them? Right. But gettin' into tanterums ain't the way, mate. Them coves ain't gone in the 'ouse yit. I know wot they're a-goin' to do—never mind how. They're a-goin' to stop in the forked clump in the paddock jist below the garden till they see— D'ye see that smoke rollin' up from the bush fire?"

"Yes."

"Till they see that smoke goin' down, 'cause they want t' wait till dusk. When that 'ere fire ain't deliverin' 'smuch smoke as that, they walk in. The fire's ten miles from the station, an' while the boss an' the hands is a-comin', they'll take wot they like best, an' before they put a fire-stick t' the caboose, they'll see the women, an'—"

"Oh, stop! stop! Come on."

"Come on! Why, the groun's as level as even bettin'. They kin see the country for four miles roun', enny way they turn their heads from that 'ere forked clump, 'cept through this scrub patch, an' they're armed, an' three to two."

I felt a maddening feeling of helplessness growing upon me.

"I've bin a-thinkin' it over. Ye know the long water-hole? It runs from the panel-tree straight past the garden. Ye know the boat tree? There's a hedge of tea scrub from that right across the garden up t' the veranda, so we might git there in time to ask them in an' offer them the orspitalities of Kilvery. Now, there, that's my little game."

The broad ugly face looked handsome. There was a sad kind of fire in Norris's eyes that told me he was breaking faith on the one hand, while moved to gratitude on the other. I could not describe, if I would, the fluctuations of his voice. It would, I think, be impossible to convey the enthusiasm that swelled it one moment and the flat weariness of his tones the next.

"I said," he went on, as speaking to himself, "I'd hev nothin' to do with it, an' we split. Miss Marion split us. If it hadn't 'a bin for her, I'd 'a seen the blarsted 'ouse in flames."

"But how are we to get up the long water-hole? There's no boat, Norris."

"We ain't a-goin' in a covered carriage an' four, with livery flunkies, up the carriage drive t' 'and in our cards?"

"No."

"We kin both swim. You'll cut the thong of that ere whip, an' take yer saddle-straps, an' we'll put our duds on our backs swag fashion."

"Yes, yes; I see now."

"Mount the moke, an' let's push on. How's the smoke?"

"Much the same."

We walked through the belt of scrub and wattles that lined the track, and then up toward the station, parallel with the road, but hidden by the bushes. When opposite the slip panel, "Now, then, plant the saddle an' bridle, an' let the horse go," spoke Norris, in his curt way.

Saddle and bridle were soon under a pile of withered boughs, and the horse turned loose. We stripped, and bound our clothes on our shoulders, and in less than a quarter of an hour we had struck off into the "long water-hole" shadowed with stooping trees, and were swimming past cold springs and whirling eddies lengthening and widening the tracery of branch and spray with scarce a ripple. We both swam well, but from the low level of our eyes and the increasing weight of our swags as the water lipped them, it looked a long way. The placid pool was blue with sky, and it seemed like swimming in ether above a vault of heaven. Past spots I had often touched with the boat's prow, with the ladies beyond, who were in such a fearful strait, and past dark margins of shadowing scrub, we fought to outswim the sluggish stream. I looked up from wearying strokes of my arms to the very trees from under the shades of which we had so often let the boat glide on with shipped oars.

"For beneath me the waters lay mountain deep,
The heavens were mirrored there;
Around me was silence, but round the sweep
Lived a thought too dread for the heart to bear."

The verse rushed to my mind like a prophecy. Norris was swimming on his side, and using but one arm. He came so close to me that our feet touched, and whispered across the silent swell between us,

"We've passed the forked clump all right. Creep up the bank an' look at the smoke. You want a spell."

I made for the mud and scrub, and crept softly through trailing plants gemmed with flowers, till my eyes caught the horizon. The dense volumes of smoke that but a short time before rolled up to the sky in constantly unfolding scrolls were gone, and there was nothing but a thin vapor, perceptible enough, but sufficient to telegraph to the watchers on the bank behind us that the efforts of the men were successful.

One moment to listen for sounds from the house, one look at the silent verandas, and back to the stream with breathless haste.

"Shet up yer noise," growled Norris; "wot are ye splashin' about?"

"Oh, come on! come on! The smoke has gone down."

"Don't talk so loud, y' cussed fool. Cum here."

"Norris, we'll be too late."

"Cum here, I tell ye," he reiterated, in a smothered voice. "D'ye think I'm as big a ass as you?"

I swam back, and supported myself with a bunch of rushes as he was doing. I have often thought what a strange pair we must have seemed then, with our clothes strapped high on our bare shoulders, while holding a consultation chin deep.

"Wot's the use o' yer bustin' yerself?" asked my companion, sternly. "I'm as fond o' that girl as you maybe, but in another way; but I ain't a-goin' to give her no chance."

"No chance?"

"Wot chance would she hev if we went up all blowed, an' no more bottom nor a kitten? Spell yerself; there's plenty o' time. They'll rummage the 'ouse afore they make love to—"

"Stop!" I whispered, nearly mad with anxiety.

"Well, I mean no harm. Stay quiet for a minnit longer, and we'll start agin. It's a goodish swim."

He kept playing with the water with his great hand, and frowning from time to time as he gently raised bubbles and watched them float away down toward the house, till some thought came upon him, and he struck out once again without speaking. It was, as he said, a "goodish" swim, and he seemed a very fish, for he not only got along with ease, but appeared to enjoy the bath. With me the excitement of the apprehension that I felt was of itself exhausting. I could barely keep abreast of his long, powerful strokes. Away behind us the trembling lines of ripples were radiating to the banks; before, the quiet water seemed to travel up upon us, the stream was so slow. Swimming as we were over great blue deeps, over fleecy clouds, over the deep clear concave, it was like a dream—the more like for the wild probabilities of the next hour. I watched the well-known trees as we passed, and tried to count them, but the necessity for exertion would not allow me, and in a bewildered, excited way my mind traveled on to the ladies in the power of the ruffians. This, I think, gave me fresh strength, for I labored on tiresomely but steadily till the boat tree was visible just rising from the turn. In ten minutes more we were standing thigh deep beside the boat. I was giddy with the effort.

"Now, then, dress; never mind the boots. Let's git ready for the play; the curtain's up by this time. Where does the boss keep the powder?"

"It's locked up."

"Bad news, mate," said Norris, pausing; "no worse hev I heard this blessed day. You're not in wind for a rough-an'-tumble?" he said, with an interrogation in his voice.

"You'll see," I returned, feeling myself getting back both strength and breath. "I'm as fit now as when we started."

"That 'ere tea-tree fence runs down to this stump," he continued, before the reply was finished. "I ought to know—I planted it. Let's creep up on this side an' look at the veranda."

We crawled up carefully and peered out. There was not a sound. Both of us had our eyes intently turned on the house, when Norris said,

without moving his head, "Hev the family's habits altered since I were here?"

"No. Why?"

"Then," he pursued, pensively, "they've done it as they said. They've locked all the doors."

I noticed for the first time that the entrance to the hall was closed.

"That end one on the yard veranda, under the creepers, like as not they wouldn't notice it."

"It's not likely," I whispered back, catching coolness from him, and re-assured by the silence. "It only opens a little way, though, but enough to admit us without noise."

"That's the go, then, matey. We'll make for there from the hedge, an' if—"

He paused as if struck. There came a hoarse roar of laughter from the still house, rolling down charged with warnings of crime and violence.

"Ah! they're at it. Like as not they're goin' to begin the devil's courtship. There's no time to lose, lad. Git up on the other side o' the hedge. I'm after ye."

In a few minutes we had stepped barefooted upon the veranda, and in perfect silence. I could see the kitchen doors wide open. I could hear loud conversation and laughter within, but there were no sounds of women's voices. I put my parched lips to Norris's ear: "There were two servants, an old woman and a chamber-maid."

"Inside, an' gagged if they was noisy, to be sure."

I held up the creepers for my companion, who was not more than a minute in trying the handle, but it seemed an hour. I trembled so excessively that the net-work of woodbine and passion-plant fell just as he had opened the door and passed in. I wormed myself through the mass of foliage, and at last stood beside him, "and, thank God!" breathing out my thought, "in time."

"Look here," whispered Norris, angrily, putting his hands on my shoulder, and giving me a shake intended to restore coolness; "wot the devil d'ye mean fussin' with them branches? We're in plenty o' time. They're all in the dinin'-room—d'ye hear?" He put his lips upon my ear, which he brought forward by pulling my head upon his face. "They're—in—the—dinin'—room."

Even in my excitement I recognized the hard, steady coolness of his voice, and felt the importance of the warning. The room in which we stood opened upon where the bush-rangers were. Norris placed a hand on each shoulder, and walked me firmly back to the door by which we had entered. Then he looked keenly round in the semi-darkness—for creepers covered window as well as door. There was an old iron stanchion of a bullock dray lying among some fire-wood close to where I was, and his frowning eager face lighted with satisfaction when he saw it. It was within his grip in a minute, as it might have been an old friend, and again he stood at the door opening upon the carouse. The next movement he made was to turn the handle without noise. This he set about so carefully that it would have taken two or three minutes to accomplish had I not stepped beside him with an assurance that it would give no sound. The door was silently opened without attracting attention; and through the chink, a couple of inches wide, we got full command of the scene.

Not handsome, but with a face wearing that calm, intellectual expression so seldom seen in women; with fair hair and thoughtful blue eyes; with a matured, yielding figure that in every position presented a graceful contour; with the hand and arm of a duchess, and a bearing, even then, that carried the mint stamp of nobility—such was Marion Walmer. She stood at the farthest corner of the mantel-shelf from the door past which we looked. Behind her was the dark, usually merry, face of Emily Ritcher, now pale and drawn with terror. Upon the table were decanters and tumblers, and at the end next the fire-place the three men whose names had long since been sufficient to raise execration upon every lip. There was but one voice against them; it was the voice of a large community living scattered in the solemn loneliness of the two Australian colonies, and that voice breathed fervently a unanimous maranatha.

The Ganger had turned his face and low forehead, upon which the red hair appeared to have crept down like a noxious weed, to where the ladies stood. A blue serge shirt lay back from his broad chest. His heavy features showed evidences of the brandy he had been drinking, as he sat with his heels resting upon the table, regarding them from his coarse, flushed features, while apparently fascinating their eyes with his.

"Tom, look at the smoke."

A dark, sinewy man, who would have been singularly handsome but for the queer expression of his eyes, with an easy suppleness and lightness that, taken with his figure, indicated formidable strength, rose and walked to the window.

"It has nearly all disappeared," the latter replied, in an accent that was pure and educated, while he rested a muscular though slender-looking hand upon the window frame. "Mr. Walmer will have turned his horse's head homeward by this time."

"So he will," spoke the Ganger. "Harry," to a short sailor-looking man, who had a ship tattooed on the back of his hand, "have you got a coin? We'll toss for the women. First toss, odd man out; the winner of the second takes his choice."

A pause of some time followed, which was at length broken by a dull sound of coin on the table-cloth, and the three bent eagerly forward above their hands.

"Oho!" shouted the Ganger in a moment, "Harry's out of it. Ye kin choose from the women in the passage, Harry, but let's hev no noise. These here uns ain't given t' yellin'; they're a quiet sort, they are. Now, then, Tom."

Again the hands of the two men covered the coins.

"Heads!" shouted the red ruffian. "Heads it is; one to me. I call now."

The hands fell upon the table with a force that rattled the glasses.

"Woming, lovely woming," cried the Ganger, with intense earnestness in his voice—"which it is, by ——!" He turned round, hot and fearful-looking, upon Marion. "I'm for that fair un! She's a tidy-lookin' wench. Don't ye feel rather flattered, eh?"

I was standing straight up against the narrow line of space formed by the partially opened door, and could see over the Ganger's head to Miss Walmer's hand, which lay, with a slight tremor in it, on the mantel-shelf. There was a deep-set horror in her white face, but her eyes showed no wildness or evidences of that bewilderment which precedes helplessness. For the merest fraction of time, and only once, her eyes turned swiftly to her hand. Catching the glance, I looked too. She was noiselessly pulling up with her fingers a pair of long bright scissors which were lying almost out of reach. These she worked up skillfully and quickly, till they disappeared beneath her palm. Then she rested the other arm on the ledge in a natural way, and while the Ganger was pouring out more brandy, the instrument was hidden in her sleeve.

Black Tom's swarthy face flushed up, but he said nothing. His keen-looking, brilliant teeth when he laughed at the result made him look as cold and remorseless as a steel blade. Norris's arm was before my breast, or I believe I should have rushed in then, but it remained as moveless and hard as a bar of wood. He turned his face to me after the game of pitch-and-toss had allotted the ladies, and placing his hand upon my breast, once more pressed me back. I made no resistance. His brown features appeared to have a groundwork of ghostly white beneath the tan the sun had given them. His face was so rugged and set that it looked statuesque. Again he placed his lips to my ear and spoke, the words being so low that I could scarcely hear.

"Keep on my heels. I'll give Harry the stanchion as I go in; then rush round t' the Ganger. You grip Black Tom. D'ye hear?"

I nodded.

"All right. Y' understand, you take Black Tom—the black-muzzled cove. I'll try the rest. Now, then."

I can not say that I observed much as we entered. I recall catching in that moment a surprised, varying look on the faces of the ladies. I remember Norris's arm passing my face with a kind of sough, followed by a dull sound, and blood welling from the head of Hobart-Town Harry hot upon my hand as I was in the act of passing to the man who was given to my keeping. With the lightning rapidity of thought it seemed to me that Harry but settled himself more comfortably in his chair, and that his hand with the ship tattooed on it was curiously rapping among the glasses; but the thought was scarce formed before he threw himself back across the space between the table and the wall, and lay there, leaving a red spurt where his head struck. So quick was the movement that I stumbled over him and nearly fell. When I raised myself again I saw that the Ganger had jumped to his feet in time to avoid the rail that Norris carried. The two had just closed, when I felt the iron fingers of Black Tom upon my neck. I did not seek to repel the attack, my only object being to grip him similarly, but he kept from me, tightening his hold with vise-like strength. I knew he was not so strong as I was, and I bore him by sheer weight desperately against the opposite wall, just past the skirts of the women. There I pinned him. I heard things falling and breaking in the din as I passed my arm round his waist with a wild effort and drew him close; then I bent, or rather broke, him down upon the floor beneath me. Black Tom's fingers never relaxed, though I threw myself heavily upon his chest. I knew that my only chance of escaping the suffocating gripe was to pull myself away, and guard against giving him a similar advantage in the next struggle. I was becoming confused and rapidly losing strength, when I gathered all my powers for one effort. Had I failed, I should never have written this narrative, and a thought came to me at the time that failure would be death. I succeeded, not an instant too soon, in partially disengaging myself and planting my knee firmly upon his breast. Then my hands found their way across his long beard and down upon his hot throat. Next came the report of a pistol from the other side of the table, when the terrible silence, broken by the rolling and heavy breathing, went on as before. The hands of my antagonist seemed to open, and I staggered up. I remember observing, in a half-drunken kind of fashion, that the men at the other end of the table were bobbing up and down and the room sailing unevenly round. They appeared to me like a confused heap, in the midst of which was some kind of prolonged struggle, and then I caught sight of Black Tom rising to his feet. I sprang upon him again, and again got my knee upon his chest. In this position I tried to get a breath, for my opponent seemed past further struggling; but the next instant I felt a sharp sting in the side, and I knew by the warm feeling which followed that I was wounded. I don't know how long I clutched the man's throat after that, but I remember feeling frightened at the appearance of his face and eyes. I rose and swayed over to the table, with all my strength gone. I saw Norris's arm holding up an old brass-mounted pistol, and disappearing with the suddenness of a strong blow. Then room and sense whirled round, and thought left me.

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After what seemed like dwelling in a dark humming sea, where was neither shore nor record of time, I felt a fiery rush of strength and remembrance, and with the feeling I opened my eyes to find the Kilvery dining-room lighted up. I was stretched upon a sofa, and guessed from seeing a broad gnarled hand holding a tumbler beside me that I had been revived with brandy. The apartment was full of men, all wearing that half-subdued, half-solemn look which fateful discoveries always impart. They stood round the walls thumbing their hats; they stood in groups of twos and threes; they looked silently toward a large arm-chair. There was not one lounging attitude; all were solemn and very earnest-looking. About the floor were broken chairs and shivered glasses and litters of books and ornaments, where the ladies' work-tables had been crushed by the weight of falling men. Any one awaking as I did would have thought it strange to find so many men and such quiet. They were listening to the low voice of some one who occupied the arm-chair. It was Norris who was speaking.

"Tain't no use botherin'," I heard him say, as in answer; "my ticket o' leave's done for good an' all, Mr. Walmer. I never see a evener fight. If it hedn't 'a bin for yer comin' in we'd 'a bin licked. But we saved the women; that's wot we wanted to do, an' that's wot we did. It were our game, ye see."

Mr. Walmer interrupted in a voice that betrayed much feeling. "My poor Norris! what can I do for you?"

"Nothin', Sir; an' if ye could an' did, I don't deserve it."

"Don't deserve it?"

"Not from you, any way. I did it all for Miss Marion, an' would agin. I don't forgit the time when I lay in the store hut like a dog, an' never saw no one o' ye all only her. Did she come with things for me? Was she too much of a swell for Norris? Did she reckon him up like a flukey sheep? No, Mr. Walmer, she thought I was a man. God bless her!"

No one, I think, could describe how the weak, the reckless, the hard, voice of the dying man said this. Nor could it be easily understood how these qualities combined to make what was said so inexpressibly affecting.

"I wasn't comin'," he continued, "to save you or yer property, Mr. Walmer. I didn't split with my mates 'cause you were my master onst on a time, but 'cause Miss Marion treated me like a man, which I hope I were, instead o' a wermin. If I did prig rations, it were for a poor mate hard pushed. Who spoke for Norris then?—Miss Marion. I'd like to see her afore—afore I kicks the—afore I goes."

"She's coming, Norris. Ah, here she is."

The squatter's daughter, looking very pale, walked into the room and up to the arm-chair without speaking. She sat down beside Norris and took his hand.

"Oh, Norris, how can I thank you? Don't say you are going to die. The doctor will be here to-night."

"He needn't cum, miss. It's no manner o' use. I'm bleedin' inside; there ain't no cure for that. The prisoners?"

"They're both secured," said Mr. Walmer.

"Both?"

"One is dead."

"That 'll be Hobart-Town Harry. I'm sorry for that, miss. I only meant to stun him. That stanchion's heavy, miss." And as an after-thought: "It couldn't 'a bin done, only for Mr. Waltham there; but he would go a-bustin' of hisself to save you, miss, an' he were blowed when he began." The broken voice and the thoughtfulness of the dying man made my eyes dim.

Miss Walmer spoke again, in a low, appealing way. "Norris, do let me read you a chapter in the Bible, or a prayer. God is merciful and just. He will pardon in His great love. He—" She burst into tears. I saw the lamp-light sparkle on faces hardened with toil and crime.

The dying man very calmly spoke out among hard, short sobs that here and there would break forth,

"No, miss, no Bibles nor parsons for me. They made me a wuss man nor I were over t'other side. No, miss, don't parsonify me; now don't." He spoke almost entreatingly, and continued, "Ye know the old gum with the cross-growed boughs? I'd like to be berried there. It's near the store hut, where you used for to cum an' see me, miss; an' it were under that I fust see you readin'. Don't cry, miss; I was tired of it all—fifty years of a fight, with ne'er a spell."

There was a sob, but no answer.

"Thank ye—"

Norris bent over, and I heard the blood gurgling from his mouth, and plashing on the carpet.

"Lucky," he went on again, after a long pause, "the pistol didn't do the job at onst; it were a fair fight, but Ganger got it afore me. He'll say I deserved it 'cause I balked him. It were for you we did it, Miss Marion. Think of ole Norris here and there a spell."

Again the blood welled up, and when they lifted his head back as before, it fell upon his chest. The massive ugly face had settled down into the deepest of all repose.

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That night I fought the fight again, and awoke with a sudden start, under the belief that Black Tom's grasp was once more upon my throat. My wound was not dangerous, and I should have turned to sleep but that I heard something like creaking and stealing footsteps in the passage which led past my room, next the gentle opening of a door, and a minute afterward the dark figures of two men were thrown upon my window by the strong moonlight. They seemed to pass to where wood was stored against the corner of the house, and in the stillness I heard a faint clinking, as of steel and flint. Without further delay I crept to Mr. Walmer's bedroom, and put my hand upon his shoulder. He woke with a start, and asked, in a trembling way, as though the ghost of poor Norris was beside him, who I was. "Hush, Mr. Walmer, it's me—me, Waltham. The two prisoners have escaped from where your care had placed them," I whispered, bitterly. "They're now trying to burn the house down by firing the parlor wood."

By this time the squatter was quite aroused, and after some time a gun was procured and heavily charged with shot.

"There will be a full view of them from your window, but we must open it without noise. I fear that's impossible."

"The window is open."

We both looked out. The heavy, vindictive face of the Ganger was blowing some sparks of fire into a blaze. Black Tom was bending down assisting him, and the growing glow glittered on his white teeth and his black eyes. We had just time to see this when the noise of crackling came.

"Now Mr. Walmer."

Walmer put the gun out to take aim. As I drew back I saw the black barrel shaking against the soft brightness of the night. Then came a useless snap of the hammer on the nipple.

"Quick! you forgot a cap. Quick!"

It was useless. The men had sprung among the trees in the garden, and the last I ever saw of them was their dark figures vaulting over the fence.

The fire was easily extinguished. None but Miss Walmer and her father knew that I was instrumental in saving them and the house a second time that night.

We buried Norris beneath the cross-boughed gum-tree. In the room where I now sit there is a dark-looking stained piece of carpet framed, which is hidden with a curtain of crape, and, beneath, a crayon sketch of two swimmers in the long water-hole. It was drawn by Marion Waltham. The title is, "Swimming with Swags."

## ACTORS.

The players were never tardy, in the old fighting days, with their swords. In William's reign, young Horden, says Dr. Doran, that admirable historian of the stage, a handsome and dashing young actor of the day, was slain by a Captain Burgess in a duel at the "Rose Tavern," Covent Garden. Horden and some actors were laughing and drinking at the bar, when Burgess and some fine gentlemen in an adjacent room immediately ordered them to be quiet. Giffard, an actor, fought with and wounded Garrick, who had mimicked him. Baddeley fought George Garrick after a jealous quarrel. Mossop fought an Irish major on the stage, who refused to let the theatre close when there was only one person in the pit, and both men were wounded.

But actors have other dangers besides those from duelists' pistols. Many actors have been injured by accidental thrusts of stage daggers. One of the most memorable of these *contretemps* happened in 1692. Powell and Sandford (a celebrated stage villain) were playing together in *Œdipus, King of Thebes.* Sandford had, at the end of the play, to sum up his other peccadilloes by stabbing Powell. Unfortunately the property-man had given Sandford a real dagger in mistake for a stage one (the blade of which slips on pressure up into the handle), the consequence of which was that the steel blade went three inches deep into Œdipus, and he very narrowly escaped death.

Drinking is a fatal sin, and has been the death of many great actors, but gluttony has not been a vice common in the greenroom; but yet there have been exceptions, and Pope, the actor, was one of them. He *was* a gourmand and a gourmet too; his mind revolved about the dinner table; he never forgave a bad dinner; his apotheosis was every day when the covers were lifted off, and the glorious future dawned upon him through odorous vapor. Pope was a handsome, portly person, with an unctuous voice; he used to say there was only one unpardonable crime, and that was—peppering a rump-steak. When Incledon, swearing and quoting Scripture alternately, returned from his American run, Pope was anxious to know how the Yankees *fed.* "Immortally," exclaimed Incledon; "the very poetry of eating and drinking, my dear Pope, in all things but one—they take no oil to their salads!"

"No oil to their salads!" cries the disgusted tragedian; "*then why did we make peace with them?*"

When any thing went wrong at dinner, Pope was easily put out, and totally forgot his manners: his idol was injured; it was for him to avenge the desecration. One day Kean, Pope, and Catalini, when in Ireland, were invited to dine with Jones, the Dublin manager, at his house, a mile or two out of the town. The first people were to be there. Very soon after dinner Pope asked Kean aside what time he had ordered the carriage? Kean whispered, "Eleven." At Pope's urgent request, however, it was sent for directly, and they left. On the road home Kean asked Pope why he was in such a hurry.

"Why, good heavens! did you not see what occurred at dinner?"

"No."

"No! Did you not see what the monster Catalini did?"

"Not I."

"Why, Sir," blustered Pope, red with indignation, "she cut a fricandeau with a knife!"

"Yes," said Kean, "I did see that. But what of it?"

"What of it?" roared Pope. "Why, she ought to have used a spoon, and I will never again sit down with the woman till she has learned how to help a fricandeau."

A word on actors' dressing. Many actors are very famous for painting their faces. Mr. Charles Mathews, for instance, never wears sham mustaches; he paints them, and the deception is not seen. So used Montague Talbot, the celebrated light comedian, and the friend of Ireland, the Shakspeare forger. He, the best of the young Mirabels, always painted his mustache and whiskers, and also the curls upon his forehead, and that so perfectly that they could not be detected even in the orchestra.